The Outlook

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MAY 6, 1905

Jury Trials in Alaska

The Supreme Court of the United States has held that the provision of the Constitution that "in all criminal prosecutions the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial, by an impartial jury of the State and district wherein the crime shall have been committed," involves a right to a trial by a jury of twelve men, and applies to the Territory of Alaska. Our readers will remember that the same Court has decided that the Constitution does not control in the Philippine Islands; that Congress, in dealing with those islands, is unhindered by the Constitution; and that that decision was based on previous decisions of the Court that territory acquired by the United States is not *ipso facto* incorporated into the United States, but such incorporation must be effected by some action of Congress, either by explicit terms or by necessary implication. In the treaty with Spain it was expressly provided that "the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by the Congress." This treaty was therefore held by the Supreme Court to give to Congress "a free hand in dealing with these newly acquired possessions," and there was nothing in subsequent legislation which implied any intention on the part of Congress to incorporate the Philippines into the United States. *Per contra*, the treaty with Russia by which Alaska was acquired provided that "the inhabitants of the ceded territory shall be admitted to the enjoyment of all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens of the United States; and shall be maintained and protected in the free enjoyment of their liberty, property, and religion." This treaty, in the opinion of the Court, and the legislation following thereupon, "clearly contemplated the incorporation of Alaska in the United States as a part thereof," and therefore involves the extension of the Constitution over Alaska. The decision of the Court, therefore, that in Alaska a trial before a jury of six men is unconstitutional, and the decision of the Court that in the Philippines a trial without any jury is not unconstitutional, are parts of one coherent interpretation, the basic principle of which is that Congress is unhindered by the Constitution in dealing with territory acquired by but not incorporated into the United States, but is controlled by the Constitution in all dealing with territory which by express terms or necessary implication has been so incorporated.

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Franchises in the City of New York

The New York Legislature has passed an act transferring the power of granting franchises in the city of New York from the Board of Aldermen to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The Mayor has vetoed this bill. Under the charter of the city it goes back to the Legislature, which has power to pass the bill by a majority vote over his veto—a power which it will probably have exercised before this issue reaches our readers. The grounds of the Mayor's veto, as reported in the daily papers, are twofold: first, that if the Board of Aldermen are at fault in their exercise of the power committed to them, the remedy is in replacing them with more faithful public servants; second, that the change in the charter is in the interest of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, which, to quote the Mayor's language, "seems determined to exercise its power over public officials here, as it has elsewhere." There are two differences between the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment: The Board of Aldermen is elected by wards, each Alderman representing, therefore, a special local district of the city, and it consists of seventy-three members. The members of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment are elected—three of them, the Mayor, the Comptroller, and the President of the Board of Aldermen, by the entire city; five of them, the Presidents of the respective Boroughs, by the Boroughs. To enable them to represent proportionally their respective constituencies, the three representatives of the entire city are each entitled to cast three votes, the Presidents of the Boroughs of Manhattan and Brooklyn two votes, and the Presidents of the Boroughs of Bronx, Queens, and Richmond one vote each. Thus both bodies represent the city of New York, and both bodies are chosen to represent them by the people of the city of New York; but one body is larger than the other, and one body is locally elected, the other by a general suffrage. No question of home rule, therefore, is involved in this case. The question before the public is, Should franchises which affect the interest of the entire city be voted on by men who are elected to represent local districts in the city, or by men who are elected by the general vote of the city to represent the city as a totality? It appears to The Outlook that the latter is the more rational and the more democratic method; that the bill which the Mayor has vetoed finds its reason not in a particular misuse of power by the Board of Aldermen, but in the essential constitution of the two bodies, the Board of Aldermen and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment. The failure of the bill to provide for public notice and public hearings in the case of any application for franchise is corrected by a supplementary measure which has been passed and is now before the Mayor. It should be added that Comptroller Grout has proposed a bill for the abolition of the Board of Aldermen altogether and the transfer of their powers, with one or two unimportant exceptions, to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment, to which are added two members elected by the voters of the entire city and having the same number of votes as the Mayor. This measure is in line with the judgment of the best experts on municipal reform. But the question is not likely to come before the people either of the city or the State at the present juncture, and we postpone further consideration of it to the future.

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A Wise Measure One of the most important bills before the New York Legislature has passed both houses without attracting much attention. It is the bill, prepared by the State Charities Aid Association, re-establishing boards of managers for the State Hospitals for the Insane, as suggested by Governor Higgins in his inaugural message. The boards of managers were abolished three years ago at Governor Odell's suggestion, and entire control of the thirteen State Hospitals for the Insane was placed in the central Commission in Lunacy with three members. A board of visitors for each hospital, with no authority whatever except that of inspection, was established. The present bill, which will probably have received the Governor's approval before this is read, abolishes the boards of visitors and provides for a board of managers of seven members, two of whom shall be women, for each hospital. They are appointed for a term of seven years, the term of office of one manager expiring each year. The boards of managers are to have general direction and control of the internal affairs and administration of the hospitals. The financial administration remains, as has been the case for the past ten years, in the hands of the central Commission. Superintendents are to be appointed from civil service eligible lists by the Commission in Lunacy, subject to the approval of the board of managers of the hospital concerned. A superintendent may be suspended or removed by the board of managers, but a removal must be approved by the central Commission. A majority of the managers are required to inspect the hospital monthly, and submit a report to the Commission in Lunacy and to the Governor. All complaints against any officer or employee of the hospital are to be investigated by the managers. All proposed plans and specifications for buildings must be considered by the boards of managers, though the final decision on them rests with the central authorities.

The per capita expenditure permitted for the construction of new buildings is raised from $450 to $550. As our readers know, The Outlook earnestly opposed the abolition of these local boards, and it heartily approves their re-establishment. The plan as worked out in this bill provides both a central authority and a local administration; and both are needed. Central authority is needed to prevent inequitable and unjust variations in different parts of the State; local administration is needed to secure proper attention to details, protection from political favoritism and from the even greater danger of a mere officialism, and to keep alive that public interest which is absolutely essential to a humane administration of public charities.

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Municipal Ownership in the West

The spring municipal elections in Colorado show a striking independence of party lines and a decided tendency toward municipal ownership and operation. The strong Republican cities of Colorado Springs and Pueblo for the first time in years defeated the Republican candidates. The Democrats elected the Mayors of Leadville, Greeley, Durango, Grand Junction, and numerous smaller places. The unprecedented defeats of the Republicans are interpreted by Colorado observers "as the first echo of the popular disapproval of the startling results of the recent gubernatorial contest." Another interesting feature of the elections was the success of women candidates. In Greeley, Colorado City, Fairplay, Ouray, and Idaho Springs, women were elected to the office of treasurer. Manitou elected a woman as Clerk, and Aspen and Montrose elected women to the offices of Treasurer and Clerk. Boulder approved an expenditure of $80,000 for additions to the water main, and declined to give a franchise to a private electric-lighting company. Greeley voted $250,000 to improve the water supply, and Gunnison $100,000 for water and light plants. The municipal ownership movement is manifesting itself in other parts of the State of Illinois besides Chicago. On April 18 Peoria, the second largest city in the State, elected a Democrat Mayor on this issue. Elgin on the same day elected Carl E. Botsford Mayor on a municipal ownership platform, which demanded the return to the city of the leased electric-lighting plant. La Grange, another city near Chicago, chose a chief executive and a board of trustees because of their attitude on the municipal ownership of the water and lighting plants. Andrew Carnegie is reported by the Chicago papers to be favorable to municipal ownership. According to the Chicago "Journal," Maxwell Edgar, candidate for Alderman in the Third Ward, took the following message to the new Mayor from Mr. Carnegie:

> Tell Judge Dunne not to stop until every public utility that can be made the subject of private monopoly has been placed under the control and operation of the city. Chicago is still in its infancy. It has scarcely yet begun to grow. Some of these days I am going to take a car and go clear through to the Coast to see how the country has grown up. I take it as a great compliment to Scotchmen and to Glasgow that Mayor Dunne should select a Glasgow expert to tell the people about the operation of municipal ownership.

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Machine Ownership in Philadelphia

All of this is in marked contrast to the new proposition of the United Gas Improvement Company to extend its present lease of the Philadelphia Gas Works from thirty years to fifty. Without warning or an antecedent demand or negotiations, the news was proclaimed that for $25,000,000 the present lease was to be extended twenty years, or practically thirty years, as it is proposed that the fifty years shall begin to run from January 1, 1908, when the first ten years of the present lease shall have expired. The city is to receive a lump sum of $25,000,000, and the city will not receive any income from the United Gas Improvement Company during the term of the lease, it being contended that the city will receive or save a million dollars a year on the $25,000,000. The Philadelphia "Ledger" is authority for the statement that, the machine having looted the city, it is at the end of its resources. "No more loans can be made. All the quick assets of the city have been sold. While the tax rate has ostensibly been lowered, the orders have gone to increase the taxable value of all property, until now the limit has been reached. And the people will not stand for more." If this new lease is allowed to go through, this latter statement will have to be revised, because there seems to be no limit to the endurance of the voters of Philadelphia. For ten years there has been a succession of events any one of which would seem to have been sufficient to create a revolution, and would in any other city than Philadelphia; but there the result has been simply more audacious attacks by the machine upon the interests of the people.

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Public Utilities Abroad So much is being said now about the municipalization of street railroads, gas plants, and other forms of what may be called public utilities, and so various and conflicting have been the accounts of its success and of the benefits to the dwellers of cities adopting it, that a recent report of what has been accomplished in Hull, England, is of pertinent interest. The first feature to be noted, and one that will be regarded with universal envy here, is the fact that the construction of a municipal telephone system has resulted in an immediate reduction of rates. The city corporation fixed prices for an unlimited service over an exclusive line at £5 ($24.23) per annum for private houses, and £6 6s. ($30.65) for business premises. This was followed by a large increase in the number of subscribers, and compelled the existing telephone company to reduce its charges to the same level as the municipal one. Such a range of prices, if possible here, would result in every business concern and almost every household establishing telephone connection. We get, too, from this report some valuable information as to the working of some other corporation enterprises of which the city has taken charge. A recent statement of the city comptroller shows that the crematory it maintains cost for the year $530, and took in $306.58. Public baths cost $1,110 above receipts. In the gas department there was a profit of $15,380, and the water-works showed a net gain of $71,162. The revenue account of electric lighting shows a working profit of $88,696, which various deductions reduce to $7,976 net profit. The working profit on street-cars was $185,000, reduced also by deductions to $57,500. In every case except the crematory and the baths Hull has found municipal ownership profitable, on the one hand, to the corporation, and, on the other, beneficial to the citizens, for the prices for everything furnished have been kept very low. A ride on the street-cars in any direction to the end of the line can be had for two cents, and exclusive telephone service for $25 a year. Gas costs only 48 cents per thousand feet, electricity 9 cents per unit. The object kept in view in Hull has been not so much to make money as to be of use to the public and give it the best service at the lowest price, and this seems to have been accomplished. In considering these results and contemplating the feasibility of undertaking the same methods here, it must be remembered that English cities have honest government, while new revelations almost every day indicate that ours, without exception, are tainted with "graft." In the opinion of The Outlook, however, the most effective way to arouse civic pride and opposition to municipal corruption is to make it react directly upon the pockets of the taxpayer. Hull is a flourishing port and manufacturing town, with varied industries, having a population of about 250,000, and doubtless presents about the same problems, except for our heterogeneous population, as do our cities.

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The National Municipal League Hopefulness, sanity, and a broad democracy were the dominant notes of the annual meeting of the National Municipal League held in New York last week. The review of the Secretary, Clinton Rogers Woodruff, chronicled a larger number of manifestations of independent voting than in any preceding years. Some of these are referred to in another paragraph. Mayor McClellan's administration was described as the best Tammany administration that the city had ever had; and that the Chicago Municipal Voters' League has been so uniformly successful for ten years speaks volumes for the thoroughness with which it has done its work of education and for the public spirit and independence of the Chicago electorate. The Secretary gave a long list of substantial accomplishments, including an account of the services of Vance McCormick as Mayor of Harrisburg. The reports as to what has been done in the past few years in Minneapolis, Los Angeles, and the Canadian cities, as well as a most striking paper by John Martin on "Comparative Municipal Thrift at Home and Abroad," furnished still further and still more convincing proof of the hopefulness of the municipal outlook.

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Important Committee Reports

The most generally interesting of the reports of the numerous committees, through which the League is accomplishing so much, was that of the highly important Committee on the Co-ordination of University and Collegiate Instruction in Municipal Government. It was organized primarily to establish the educational principle that interest in civic affairs is best developed by bringing the students in our universities and colleges into direct touch with the machinery of our municipal life, and that the influence of this pedagogical principle can be strengthened by making a uniform plan of inquiry throughout the country. The topic selected for the college year 1904–05 was "The Relation of the Municipality to the Street Railway Service." Wherever feasible, the plan was adopted of making each student responsible for the study of one city in its relation to the street railway service. This involved in some cases special tours of investigation to secure data, confer with officials, and make a personal study of the kind of service enjoyed by each community. It was generally agreed among the members of the Committee that the pedagogical value of personal investigation of this character cannot readily be overestimated. The plan develops not only the student's power of observation, but also the habit of dealing with the facts of civic life, which is of the utmost value in his other studies. The necessity of securing accurate information and of being satisfied with nothing that is not capable of documentary demonstration is also of value in guarding against the temptations of sweeping and doctrinaire generalizations which so often beset the student of politics. The Committee decided to select for the topic of inquiry during the college year 1905–06 "The Relation of the Municipality to the Gas and Electric Light Service." This will include a study of both municipal and private ownership. The note of broad democracy was sounded in the report of the Committee on Nomination Reform, presented by Horace E. Deming, in Charles D. Willard's instructive account of municipal progress in Los Angeles, and in Professor Rowe's paper on "The Trend of Municipal Government in the United States." After pointing out in the beginning that "the formative period in the development of our American cities was dominated by an essentially negative view of government," he declared that "the problem presented by city government in the United States is not merely to construct a well-balanced mechanism of government, but so to construct that government that it will require the alertness and watchfulness of the people. The situation in Philadelphia is an instructive instance of the effect of so organizing the government as to leave the people under the impression that the officials are sufficiently encompassed with statutory limitations to have little power for evil." In concluding his annual address on "The Field of Labor of the National Municipal League," President Bonaparte paid a deserved compliment to the memory of James C. Carter, the first President of the League, as an "admirable citizen, a pure and fervent patriot, an exemplar and guide in all that pertains to good citizenship."

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Representative Government for the Transvaal

The new Transvaal Constitution has been promulgated by letters patent under the seal of the Crown. This is an old but not invariable procedure in the establishment of civil government in territories acquired by conquest. All such territories are regarded in constitutional law as Crown lands, and, unless the Crown is willing, Parliament at Westminster has no control over them and no very well defined relationship to them until local civil government has been established. In the early days of the British colonial era the procedure was by letters patent. There was, however, an exception from this rule in 1774, when the Quebec Act was passed; and, in fact, in the case of British North America all constitutional changes since 1774 have been by statutes enacted by the Imperial Parliament. The Balfour Government, for reasons which readily suggest themselves when the heat and friction which are still associated with all South African questions at Westminster are taken into account, did not desire to follow the Quebec precedent. The Government accordingly proceeded by letters patent, and the Transvaal Constitution has consequently gone into effect without its being submitted to Parliament. Parliament can discuss the Constitution now that it is promulgated, for it can always call in question the act of any of the King's Ministers; but for the present it can effect no change in the form of government which has been set up at Pretoria. Under the new Constitution there is to be only one chamber, to be known as the Legislative Assembly. The Lieutenant-Governor is to be of this Assembly. From six to nine members are to be nominated, apparently by the High Commissioner of South Africa, an office now held by Lord Selborne in succession to Lord Milner, and not exceeding thirty-five members are to be elected. The franchise on which these members are to be elected is comparatively narrow. Every burgher of the Transvaal Republic not disqualified by conviction for treason since May 31, 1902—the date of the peace by which the Boer War was brought to an end—is to be entitled to vote; and so are all white males of British birth occupying premises at an annual rental of not less than $50, or possessed of capital to the value of $500. As far as concerns the qualifications for the vote, the franchise is as wide as was the Parliamentary franchise in Great Britain between 1832 and 1867—before the days of household suffrage.

A Narrow Elective Franchise The Transvaal franchise is narrow in that it excludes even foreigners who may be naturalized British subjects, because, as the cablegrams read, while practically all Boers are to be enfranchised, only white men who are of British birth are to enjoy the same political privileges. The cablegrams do not make it clear what are to be the qualifications of the elected members of the Legislative Assembly. It may be taken for granted, however, that if the elective franchise is denied to all except Boer burghers and British-born citizens, none but men so qualified can be of the Assembly. Natives of India from the Peninsula have been crowding into the Transvaal in large numbers since the end of the war. These British-born subjects are much in advance of the African natives as regards civilization. But for the present they are to be excluded from the voting population, which is more limited than might have been expected, in view of the fact that the enfranchisement of the Outlander white population was supposed to be a solution of all the trouble that led up to the outbreak of the war. The debates in the Assembly are to be in English—not in English or Dutch, like the English or French of the Parliament of Canada; but there is a provision that the Speaker may permit a member to use the Dutch language. This arrangement is more hopeful for the ultimate uniformity of the English language in South Africa than the concession made in 1774 to the French in Canada. The Orange River Colony will continue under the rule that has existed since the end of the war. The Transvaal, too, is still under Crown Colony rule, and will not pass from that stage in colonial development until, like Natal and Cape Colony, it is given full representative and responsible government.

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Transvaal Constitution and Safeguarding of Native Rights One of the best and most significant features in the new Constitution for the Transvaal is the provision regarding natives. It was not to be expected that the Parliamentary franchise would be conferred on them. The social and educational condition of the natives in the Transvaal warranted no such expectation, and it has to be remembered that, although the natives in Cape Colony exercise the franchise, the experiment there is not complete, and as an experiment it has not been wholly satisfactory. Under the Transvaal Constitution, however, no bill passed by the Legislative Assembly at Pretoria which subjects the natives to disabilities or restrictions is to become law before it receives the sanction of the Colonial Office in London. This provision is in keeping with the present-day policy of the Colonial Office in South African affairs. That policy is distinctly progressive, as readers of The Outlook will remember who recall the paragraphs recently published in these columns concerning the delimitation of Zululand and the extreme care which the Colonial Office had shown that in the division of Zululand between whites and blacks the larger part of the territory, and much of the best lands, should be permanently assigned to the Zulus under conditions which will prevent these lands from passing into the possession of white settlers from Natal or elsewhere. The native provision in the Transvaal Constitution is also in harmony with the recommendation of the recent Royal Commission on South African native affairs. Every British Colony in South Africa was represented on this Commission, and the recommendations of the Commission—recommendations which of course have yet to be adopted by the Colonial Legislatures—were the most progressive and most liberal ever embodied in any British state paper concerning native economy. Better days are clearly in sight for the natives all over South Africa, and these days will come none the more tardily from the fact that in the new Constitution for the Transvaal the native is denied the Parliamentary franchise. Nobody who has been much among the natives of either the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony, and certainly nobody who has studied native character as it presents itself in the great native compounds at the mines at Johannesburg or Kimberley, would desire that the Transvaal should enter on its new political existence hampered from the first by the uncertainties of a large native vote. It is, however, a matter for congratulation that there is to be no legislation at Pretoria interfering with the present status of the native races which has not the sanction of the Colonial Office in Downing Street. For a long time past the traditions of Downing Street with regard to the natives in South Africa have been excellent. They have been so good and so manifestly fair to the natives that it has been a standing complaint with British colonials in Cape Colony and Natal that in these matters the Colonial Office was too much influenced by Exeter Hall and the Aborigines Protection Society of London. These institutions have undoubtedly had a great influence for twenty years past; but it must never be forgotten that one of the secrets of the success of British colonial rule has been just this care for the dependent races which by conquest or otherwise have come under the British flag. As the Transvaal instance shows, the British flag does not mean complete political enfranchisement for the natives. It does not mean political equality for the natives with the white man; but it does mean the safeguarding of native interests and the protection of their agrarian and economic rights.

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Stonehenge It might seem that nothing could be less exposed to destruction than the massive monuments of ancient days known as Stonehenge. It is supposed to be now nearly four thousand years since they were put in place, and if antiquity is a good cause for reverence, Stonehenge is certainly entitled to that tribute. Yet it appears, in legal proceedings which have just been going on in England, that Stonehenge needs protection from the injurious treatment to which it has been subjected. The great stones stand upon ground which is private property owned by Sir Edmund Antrobus, and his action in fencing them off has led to a lawsuit by English societies which exist for the purpose of protecting public rights in antiquities and in historical grounds. All attempts to persuade the British Government to purchase Stonehenge and place it in a park intended for public use have failed, and it is now urged that, nevertheless, the public have a right of way, gained by immemorial usage, to the vicinity of the monuments. In reply Sir Edmund asserts that he has been obliged to fence in Stonehenge, and also to provide for the expense of caring for it by charging a small fee, because not only of the excesses of tourists and others in chipping off portions of the stones for relics, but because in some instances serious injury has been done—in one case by gypsies who dug holes about some of the stones and thereby destroyed the balance and caused them to fall, in other cases by vandals who actually attempted to blow some of the stones from their position by gunpowder and dynamite, with a view to ascertaining whether there might not be some treasure concealed beneath. These extreme acts certainly seem to justify measures of protection. The price asked has been $750,000, and it is amusing to read in the English press the repeatedly expressed fear that some American multi-millionaire might purchase the property.

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Bishop Darlington The Rev. Dr. James H. Darlington, for twenty-three years rector of Christ Church of Brooklyn, was consecrated Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Harrisburg last week, Bishops Whittaker, Talbot, Whitehead, Seymour, Burgess, and Potter taking part in the service of consecration. In this day of short ministries Dr. Darlington's long work in the Christ Church parish has borne its fruit in an accumulation of influence and of affection. He is a man of all-around qualifications for the post to which he has been called; a vigorous preacher, a clear thinker, a man of practical methods and of an admirable spirit of service. The Diocese of Harrisburg was recently created by the division of the Diocese of Central Pennsylvania, is made up of about twenty counties, and includes the cities of Harrisburg, Williamsport, Gettysburg, York, Altoona, and Lancaster. The field is one which offers many difficulties, but also great opportunities, and Dr. Darlington has the energy and devotion which are likely to conquer the one and make effective use of the other.

Fitzhugh Lee The sudden death of General Fitzhugh Lee, as the result of an attack of apoplexy while traveling from Boston to Washington, takes from the country another of a small group of men who were conspicuous in the Civil War. The grandson of "Light-Horse Harry" of Revolutionary fame, a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, and the son of Sidney Smith Lee, fleet captain of the squadron under the command of Commodore Perry which opened Japan to Western civilization, General Lee represented the Old South at its best. Born in Virginia almost seventy years ago, graduated from West Point, General Lee entered the service in a cavalry regiment, and saw fighting almost as soon as he had put on the uniform. The Comanches were then making trouble with emigrants who were crossing their lands and hunting-grounds. General, then Lieutenant, Lee showed the instinct of his fighting ancestry at the start, flung himself with ardor into every fight, more than once had very narrow escapes from death, and in every emergency displayed the resources of a man of physical as well as intellectual capacity. When Virginia withdrew from the Union after the fall of Fort Sumter, there were five members of the Lee family in the Federal service. Fitzhugh held a lieutenancy, which he promptly resigned and joined the Confederate army, was made a captain in General Ewell's brigade, was rapidly advanced to the positions of lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general. At the battle of Winchester three horses were shot under him, and he was severely wounded. When he left the hospital, he was placed in command of the entire cavalry corps of the Army of Northern Virginia. As a cavalry leader he disclosed not only the highest courage, but rare skill, and led more than one brilliant and successful charge. After the surrender of the Confederate forces he went back to his farm in Stafford County, Virginia, and, like his uncle, counseled all his friends to resume their work as civilians and to make the best of the new conditions. He was foremost among the Southern leaders to accept the situation and to turn his face toward the future; and in season and out of season with great effectiveness he preached the doctrine of a reunited country. He was sent to Havana as American Consul in April, 1896, by President Cleveland, and retained in that position by President McKinley. When war with Spain was declared two years later, he was recalled, after having made a record for his courageous and thoroughgoing protection of the rights of American citizens. In May of the same year he was appointed Major-General of Volunteers in command of the Seventh Army Corps, and at the end of the war he became Military Governor of Havana, and subsequently was placed in command of the Department of Missouri. He also served a term as Governor of Virginia and Collector of Internal Revenue at Lynchburg. Since his retirement from the army he had devoted himself with characteristic ardor and energy to the work of preparing for the Jamestown Exposition, of which he was the President. General Lee had many friends, North and South. His gallantry, generosity, and frankness, as well as his energy and executive capacity, gave him a foremost place among the Southern men whom the Nation has delighted to honor during the last decade.

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Theological Unrest

The Presbytery of Rochester lately disposed of a case of dissent from its doctrinal standards somewhat differently from the disposal made of an essentially identical case last autumn by the Presbytery of Nassau, in the issue raised by Dr. Samuel T. Carter. Dr. Carter, as our readers will recollect, expressed desire for dismission from the Presbytery on the ground of a total dissent from the theological scheme formulated in the Westminster Confession, especially from certain doctrines usually regarded as essential to orthodoxy. After conference with him, in which he retracted nothing, the Presbytery unanimously invited him to continue in its fellowship, with which he had been connected some forty years. At Rochester Dr. Nelson Millard, of equally long and good standing in the Presbyterian ministry, has been permitted to withdraw, upon his request based on grounds the same, in general, as Dr. Carter's, though not so specifically stated. It appears from the report of the proceedings that Dr. Millard's determination to withdraw was absolute, and that the Presbytery felt constrained to consent. But in consenting they put on record their unwillingness, and their conviction of "the survival of all that is essential in Christian fellowship. . . . He is a brother beloved, more so than ever." At the same meeting the Presbytery admitted two new members, one a Methodist and one a Free Baptist. Commenting on this, the Rev. P. M. Strayer said: "There is abundant evidence that the Presbyterian system of doctrine is in a state of flux, and that its fellowship includes men of many different theological positions. . . . It is possible for men of diametrically opposite views to fellowship within it." This was demonstrated in Dr. Carter's case, and only Dr. Millard's conscientious view of personal duty prevented its being demonstrated again.

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The American Anti-Tuberculosis League

This body held an important meeting in Atlanta, Georgia, April 17–19. The attendance was large and representative of all parts of the country. Many valuable papers were read, indicating the prodigious amount of study that is being given to-day to the prevention and cure of the "great white plague." The League summed up its creed in the following propositions which were adopted as the report of the Committee on Resolutions: That tuberculosis is communicable but not inherited, though it is possible to inherit a predisposition to the disease; that tuberculosis is curable, and the germ may be destroyed when discovered early enough in the progress of the malady; that tuberculosis is preventable, two factors being essential to its development—the presence of the germ and favorable conditions for it—both factors being subject more or less to intelligent control. The object of the League was set forth as follows: "To present to the American public practical and practicable methods and measures to avoid the infection of tuberculosis, to suppress its spread, and to encourage a healthful condition of living." The formation of State Leagues was recommended, the publication of literature was provided for, for the sake of educating the public, and a popular subscription was asked for to aid in stamping out the plague. Mr. R. E. Conniff, of Sioux City, Iowa, was elected President, and Dr. Walter L. Vilas, of El Paso, Texas, was elected Secretary and Treasurer. The next annual meeting will be held at El Paso.

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Wise Mr. Carnegie

The daily papers announce a gift by Mr. Andrew Carnegie of ten millions of dollars in five per cent. first mortgage bonds of the United States Steel Corporation to a Board of Trustees, the revenue of the bonds to provide retiring pensions for the teachers of colleges, universities, aud technical schools in the United States, Canada, and Newfoundland, under such conditions as the trustees may from time to time adopt. Preliminary to the gift experts were employed to calculate the amount of revenue adequate for the purpose proposed, and their report shows that the five hundred thousand dollars annual income provided will be ample. The fund is to be applied to the three classes of institutions named, without regard to race, sex, creed, or color; but it does not include strictly sectarian institutions, nor those which are established and maintained by the State. The object of this gift is very simply stated in the sentence: "I hope this fund may do much for the cause of higher education, and to remove a source of deep and constant anxiety to the poorest paid and yet one of the highest of all professions." In connection with the announcement of this gift, the New York "Tribune" publishes a list of "some of Carnegie's gifts;" they mount up in the aggregate to one hundred and thirty million three hundred and fifty-two thousand dollars ($130,352,000).

The notable feature of Mr. Carnegie's benefactions is not, however, their amount. Very few persons know what is the amount of his income; very few, therefore, know what proportion his gifts bear to his income. We believe that the proportion is without a parallel in the history of millionaires, though we are not so certain that it is without a parallel in the lives of men of moderate means. But the really characteristic feature of Mr. Carnegie's beneficences lies in the fact that he has given himself as well as his money. On the distribution of his wealth he has bestowed the same sort of painstaking attention that he bestowed upon its acquisition. His genius is quite as manifest in his giving as in his acquiring. To impecunious men nothing seems necessary but the money in order to do good. But to do good and not harm by gifts of money is in truth a very difficult problem. Most men of great fortunes give up the problem. They either accumulate money till they die, and leave trustees after they are dead to manage the distribution, or they wait for appeals —and they do not have to wait long— and either decide themselves or appoint agents wiser than themselves to decide between the clamorous claimants. Mr. Carnegie has discovered needs which the world before had hardly recognized until it was announced that he had made provision for them. For example:

No doubt scholars had long lamented the fact that there was no adequate provision in the United States for original research. Colleges and universities were all teaching institutions, and the little original research which was possible was unprovided for, except by extra labor, out of hours, by already overworked teachers. Mr. Carnegie recognized this need, and provided for it in the Carnegie Institution. It took some months for even the daily press, which is generally quick to catch a new idea, to comprehend that he was not founding a new teaching institution. We suspect that many fairly well informed Americans have not yet discovered this fact. Capacity to read was developed in all communities and all classes by our public school system; but reading matter was very inadequately supplied by local newspapers, cheap magazines, school collections of books generally unworthy to be called libraries, and the book canvasser. Few villages, and not too many towns, had anything worthy to be called a bookstore. Mr. Carnegie has planted the library by the side of the school-house, and done much to make the opportunity to read commensurate with the awakened desire for reading. The nations of the earth had responded to an appeal coming up from the common people for some method by which an appeal to reason could be substituted for the appeal to force in the settlement of controversies between nations, as it has long since been substituted in the settlement of controversies between individuals. Mr. Carnegie stepped in to give the Supreme Court of Christendom a habitat worthy of its office, a habitat that should help to give it an international dignity and respect which would not be accorded to a houseless tribunal. The Old World had ways of honoring heroes in war, with titles and insignia, which were also, though more rarely, employed to honor heroism in the perils of peace. America had no such system. It could give honorary degrees to learning, but none to courageous achievement. Mr. Carnegie saw and provided for such needed recognition and appreciation. The barely living wage generally given to teachers of even the highest standing in our institutions of learning left them without any means for their old age, or for their families in case of their death. Mr. Carnegie has had the sympathetic imagination to conceive the cruel burden that presses on this "poorest paid and yet one of the highest of all professions;" and in providing a pension fund for professors has at once added greatly to the efficiency of those who are now engaged in teaching and to the removal of one of the chief obstacles which have operated to hinder men from making teaching their profession. And this has been done in such a way as to afford not the least incentive to men of a lazy habit and a sordid ambition to enter the ranks of the teachers. And in at least three of these instances the direct effect of Mr. Carnegie's gift will be followed by indirect effects perhaps as great and certainly quite as lasting. The Carnegie Institution will eventually lead colleges and universities, and those who endow them, to recognize the fact that original research is as true a college function as is teaching; the Carnegie libraries will create a library habit throughout the country, and the less intellectual or less enterprising village will find itself spurred on to provide itself with the reading advantages which its neighbor possesses; and State and sectarian colleges will find themselves compelled to add a pension fund to their equipment or see the best teachers drawn away from them by the colleges which possess a pension fund.

Mr. Carnegie, not only by the largeness of his benefactions, but still more by the foresight, the comprehensiveness, and the enterprise which he has brought to bear on the problems of modern society which only the men of large wealth can apparently solve, has set a standard for millionaires by which American society will increasingly judge them, though it is to be feared that few possess either the breadth of human sympathy, the largeness of generosity, or the enterprising intelligence to come up to the standard which he has set.

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The Schiller Centenary

Few German cities are more attractive to the eye, and none makes a deeper appeal to the imagination, than Weimar, the home of Goethe, Schiller, Herder, Wieland, and other thinkers, poets, and dramatists. The atmosphere of an older and quieter age seems to envelop the place, while the silent flow of the River Ilm through the town, either shore transformed into a park, brings to the city the freshness of remote hills and the quiet of fields and woods. In that park are the memories of the great spirits who have bequeathed the highest traditions of culture, of intellectual freedom, and of artistic power to Germany. There is the Serpent—Goethe's *genus loci;* there is the Garden House in which he found refuge from the cares of the court and the distractions of society; there is the bench on which Schiller was in the habit of meditating, and there also are the paths along which he walked in silent and fruitful hours. As the two poets in their later life were united in one of the most disinterested and fruitful friendships in the history of literature, so in a striking memorial they stand together in the square of the old city—one the man of the court, opulent in resources, many-sided in interest, touching life at every point, dealing with philosophy, poetry, science, art, and religion, and touching nothing which he did not fertilize; the other born in poverty, spending his boyhood in narrow conditions, breaking away from the tyranny which threatened to throttle his genius, passing through the vicissitudes of rebellion, continually overworking, consumed by the ardor of his spirit and the activity of his mind, dying at the early age of forty-six in a little room almost bare of furniture and expressive of the most austere conditions. Goethe's home is a museum, in which one feels the range of the poet's interests, his world-wide connections and associations; Schiller's home, by its bareness and simplicity, suggests his arduous life, his long fight against obstacles, the supremacy of his spirit over his body.

Carlyle defined Schiller's spirit in its most striking attitude when he characterized him as a priest always ministering at the altar of truth. It is Goethe whom all Germans recognize as the first of their poets, but it is Schiller whom all Germans love as the finest of their singers. The children of Germany know "The Glove," "The Diver," "The Ring of Polycrates," and "The Song of the Bell," as American children know "The Village Blacksmith," "The Children's Hour," and "The Psalm of Life." Young Germany still reads "The Robbers" with something of the thrill with which it was read by young men and women more than a century ago. "William Tell" is perhaps the most popular poetic drama on the German stage, and has done more than any other literary form of the great Swiss tradition to call the hero of Switzerland out of the mists and uncertainties of the world of legends into the world of actual heroism; while "Wallenstein" is read by serious students of the drama everywhere as one of the masterpieces of dramatic composition. No one places Schiller in the front rank of poets. He belongs, not with Homer, Shakespeare, Dante, and Goethe, but with Æschylus, Corneille, Milton, and Victor Hugo, poets of the second rank.

Schiller brought to his work something more than a genius for poetic expression and a genius for industry which made him not only one of the foremost singers of his time, but one of the pioneers of the modern historical movement; he brought also an ardor of enthusiasm and power of devotion which made his whole life luminous. Among all the men who have sung the songs which live, none stand more purely or consistently for the sovereignty of the ideal than Schiller. He is a noble example of the identification of the highest ethical ideals with the passion of the artistic temperament. To him art was not only the highest expression of the human spirit, but it was also the greatest of realities. In art alone, according to Schiller's view, the human spirit finds real freedom. It is in the free activity of the artist spirit that the ideal of the beautiful soul to which Schiller dedicated himself is attainable. It is not easy for the man of the twentieth century fully to comprehend what art meant to Schiller; how through it he touched the immortality in man, and in it he realized the free development of his own soul, and through it he foresaw the passage of the race into its final stage of emancipation and fruitfulness. It was no unreal, fantastic, or individualistic world into which he entered and which he called all men to enter; it was a world of ordered freedom, of natural joy, of perfect fertility.

As the gospel of individuality in its ultimate form it was subject to limitation; but it is a gospel which needs to be preached with compelling power in an age which has gone so far in an opposite direction. Society may never be lifted into the free, æsthetic community of which Schiller dreamed; the ideal will never be realized in the way in which he thought he saw it coming; the Germany of 1905 is a very different Germany from that of the age of Schiller and Goethe, of Herder, Kant, Lessing, and Winkelmann. The country of great thinkers and dreamers has become, like the rest of the modern world, a resounding workshop; its energies are dedicated chiefly to-day to dealing with the material needs of man. But though the times have changed and for the moment or for the century the emphasis of interest lies elsewhere, nevertheless Schiller, like all the other idealists, will have the final word to say. Society will not achieve the idealism of which he dreamed by the paths which he marked out. The course is to be more arduous than he foresaw; for society must achieve its ideal organization, not by escaping from the real, but by mastering it. The hope and inspiration of the idealist of to-day is his belief that in dealing on a great scale with material realities men are testing to the full the capacity of those realities to satisfy the human soul, and, having mastered them, will ultimately put them under foot and find, as Schiller found and taught, that the only real joy in life is the joy of the spirit.

The Great Adventure

There is an old saying which declares that it is the unexpected that always happens. This phrase not only bears the inscription of long experience, as do all those proverbs which form a universal currency of popular wisdom; it is also the expression of an instinct deep in the hearts of men. The revolt of the aspiring against low and near aims, of the imaginative and creative against accepted forms, of the free-hearted and free-minded against the pressure of conventions that cut into the soul, are the perpetual protest of the spirit of the race against the limitations of condition and circumstance, the perpetual affirmation of its illimitable possibilities of growth. The vague unrest which pervades society in its most comfortable conditions is significant, not of sterile restlessness, but of the inability of men with capacity for the infinite to rest content with the best the finite can offer them. In all the range of experience nothing quite touches the height of anticipation, quite fulfills the ultimate hope; there is always something left in the heart and mind which is not met by the largest and happiest success. To the skeptic like Renan and to the believer like Browning the world in its most enchanting hours is only a hospitable inn, from which the traveler goes with the morning.

The biography of man which we call history is a great story of adventure; in unforeseen happenings, in the sudden gathering of perils, in the glorious chances of fortune, the "Thousand and One Nights," "Monte Cristo," and "The Three Musketeers" are faint transcriptions of the pages in which the manifold adventures of the race are written. Neither in their own natures nor in their conditions is there any hope of inaction for men; the inward impulse and the outward necessity alike compel the taking of risks, the facing of danger, the setting of the face toward the undiscovered country. Over the drowsiest age a sudden stir of hope or fear passes like a breath from the sea, and once more the burdens are lifted and the traveler fares on in the great quest; in the seclusion of gardens of delight, on the silence of the golden summer afternoon, a sudden trumpet peals, and there is a swift buckling on of armor and a pathetic clamor of farewells.

The thirst for adventure is no idle revolt against work and routine and the duties of the hour; it is the impulse of the free spirit spreading its wings for a flight which is its ultimate destiny. For the soul was not made for drudgery, nor were the hands shaped for mere toil; men work that they may attain that mastery in which there is freedom. The reaction against the hard fact is not the distaste of the sluggish for a task that must be performed; it is the refusal of the imagination to arrest its glance at the very point where the actual predicts and affirms the ideal. The rigidity and hardness of life are part of the method of a great education, or they are part of a system of brutal and unintelligent tyranny; suffering is either a noble discipline or a willful torture of the helpless. Those who believe in the best hopes of the soul revolt against the "tyranny of the fact" by the very vitality of their faith. The old stories of romance and adventure which the earliest men and

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women told one another in the far beginnings of history were not idle tales; they are part of the spiritual biography of the race; the record of its perpetual excursions beyond the narrow world of the day into the larger world of which it is so marvelous a gateway.

At heart all men and women are romantic and adventurous; in the most commonplace minds there is some thrill of expectation, some hope of the unforeseen. In the most monotonous conditions there sleep and wake at times the feeling of environing mystery, the sense of unreality which often touches what we call the real, and in an instant it becomes the mere setting of a scene soon to be shifted; mere paint and pasteboard and unsubstantial appearance in contrast with the imperishable soul which acts its part against that fragile and shifting background. In the dullest age of what is miscalled realism the unextinguishable passion for romance sleeps only to open its eyes on new wonders; for the possibilities of the great adventure which we call life are illimitable.

In these later years science itself, the searching study of the facts of the world, has become a more marvelous fortune-teller than the most imaginative of the myth-makers. In its vision there is no more an arid stretch of dead matter, but a living universe, through which incalculable forces play more swiftly than thought, and wait to match man's subtlest imagination with an energy to do its bidding more elusive than thought; forces which bind the continents by invisible currents in the flowing streams of air and make speech audible across half a world. The great adventurer has dreamed no dream more marvelous than what he calls the reality of his existence.

On such a journey through such a world, where all visible things are perishable while the invisible are eternal, the dream of love is the divinest reality. The first glamour, the magic of the golden hour of discovery, is but the prophetic beginning of the romance which gathers sweetness as it unrolls itself in the unwritten story of the heart. From the far beginning of life in its lowest forms all things have slowly moved toward it; for it is out of the deepest depths of the life of the race that love has risen like a star out of the abysses of the night. In blind unconsciousness life in its lowest forms slowly lifted itself toward that light in which alone it finds the explanation of itself, the justification of its terrible sufferings, the fulfillments of its hopes. Its long career has been a quest of love; and in love alone does it find that rest which is the fulfillment of its being. Through a thousand centuries it groped and climbed; it has stumbled and fallen a thousand thousand times; but out of the earth it emerged at the beginning, and above the earth it has lifted itself a thousand times in response to the indestructible instinct of the divine in it; and now, at last, in the light of clear consciousness, though of very imperfect knowledge, and with other thousands of years of climbing still before it, it lifts its eyes level with its destiny, and knows that in self-surrender it finds itself, and in losing itself for love's sake it finds itself for love's service. For the romance of the first stirring of passion is not a brief joy, a little prelude of song before the dreary prose of toil and care; it is a sudden flash of the beauty which lies in the heart of life, a touching of the keys, brief but sufficient to sound the master motive.

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The Real Issue in France

M. Combes, the ex-Premier of France, contributes to a recent number of the "National Review" an explanation of the Republican policy in relation to the Catholic Church as defined and applied during his ministry, which is the strongest statement of the Republican position yet made. To make certain things clear to Liberal opinion in England, M. Combes states the fundamental principles involved. He calls attention to the fact that there is a great difference between the Catholic Church in France and in England. In England the Church is a religious organization pure and simple; it does not challenge the national institutions and could not destroy them even if it desired to do so. In France, on the other hand, the Premier declares, the Church is in open revolt against the Government, and waging ceaseless war upon every legislative effort to escape from the theocratic theory. Furthermore, in France, unlike England, there are conflicting political factions with their deep-going differences of opinion touching the form of government: Bonapartists, Royalists, Nationalists, Plebiscitaries, and Clericals, all anxious to destroy parliamentary government, and at times conspiring against it. In France the Catholic Church, according to the Premier, is not content with perfect freedom of action; she aspires to domination; she is not willing to stop short of supremacy over other religious communions.

The Concordat, a "secular Convention," not only confers certain privileges on the Church, but imposes certain specific obligations and limits the Church's liberty of action. The Church has made full use of all the privileges and advantages given to it under the Concordat, but has not discharged any of the corresponding obligations; and it is not only the right but the duty of the Government to compel the Church by all legal means to discharge the obligations which it has failed to meet. These breaches or violations of contract between the Church and the State have been many and deliberate; and the Premier declares that the entire Catholic clergy, "from the Pope to the curé," are permeated by a determination to evade the restrictions of the Concordat. It has sometimes been said, by way of justifying these aggressions, that the French Government has confounded, under the name of the Concordat, the diplomatic Convention signed by Papal and French plenipotentiaries, with the Organic Articles to which the Pope was not a party; but as the text of the diplomatic Convention provides for and authorizes the Organic Articles, which are regulations to give effect to the compact, and it has always been acknowledged that the Concordat would never have been ratified by the French Chamber without the Organic Articles, it is futile to endeavor to separate the Convention from the Articles, by the force of which alone it became operative as law. Both the Convention and the Organic Articles appear in the French Legal Code under the common head "*Loi du 18 germinal an 10*," and every attempt to bisect the Concordat has been rejected by successive French Governments. On the other hand, the Catholic clergy, by insisting on this interpretation of the relations between the Church and the State, for a century have kept up one long series of controversies respecting the interpretation of the Concordat.

The Premier declares that there is not a single article imposing an obligation on the Church which has not been transgressed at every turn, and that the Republic has been compelled to defend itself continuously from clerical attack. The supremacy of the civil authority and its independence of religion and dogma form one of the fundamental ideas of the Republican constitution, one in direct antagonism to the Catholic doctrine of authority. It was the violent antagonism of the French clergy to the Republic that evoked Gambetta's phrase, "Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi;" and the Premier declares that Clericalism is found at the bottom of every agitation and intrigue from which the Republic has suffered during the past thirty-five years; and that it is because of this continuous, unrelenting, and irritating opposition to the fundamentals of republican government that the Republican leaders have come to the determination to emancipate civil society from clerical influence by confining the priest to the Church.

To accomplish this involved both legislative and social change. Nominees of the Clerical party occupied conspicuous positions in every department of Government; schools were founded in competition with the State schools in all country towns and chief rural communes; female religious Orders were greatly multiplied, and education everywhere was saturated with hostility to republicanism. It was idle to attempt to revive Revolutionary legislation against the Orders, and out of the question to apply it even to those that were unauthorized. The Chambers, which represented popular feeling at the time, would not have authorized such a policy. Jules Ferry felt himself unable to deal directly with the Orders, and therefore secularized the curriculum of the public schools. The Orders succeeded in gradually killing lay competition, and the rising generation in France became impregnated with their spirit. It became the conviction of the Republican leaders that, in order to save the Republic, drastic action must be taken at once; ten years later, M. Waldeck-Rousseau declared, it would be too late. M. Combes affirms that the policy pursued by him was simply the application and extension of the policy laid down by M. Waldeck-Rousseau and given effect by the Law of Associations. The purpose of that legislation was to withdraw the youth of France from an education incompatible with republican ideals, and in order to do this the chief clerical weapon, the teaching, preaching, and trading Monastic Orders, have been destroyed. The Concordat is silent as regards Religious Orders, and no phrase of it can be interpreted as a weapon against the Law of Associations. The Premier narrates at great length the history of the rise of these Orders since the Concordat, and the gradual but thorough way in which they secured permanency, influence, and finally almost control of primary education. He gives several instances of what he regards as flagrant violations on the part of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics of the obligations of the Church under the Concordat, and narrates a series of events indicating, in his judgment, antagonistic hostility to republican institutions which finally convinced him and his associates that the only solution of the conflict was the final separation of Church and State. He declares that this is inevitable by reason of the fundamental conflict between the dogmatic teaching of the Church, as expounded in the Syllabus, and the governing principle of the French Republic; that this separation will be a mutual emancipation of the Church and State calculated to serve alike the interests of religion and of the State; and that the suppression of about five hundred teaching, preaching, and commercial orders was the logical consequence of the Republican policy of the last thirty years, forming an integral part of the system which affirms the supremacy of the State, with uniform neutrality in legislation and the application of equal liberty to all.

This authoritative statement brings out clearly the fundamental issue in France; it is not a question of religion, but of education. In this country, where Catholics and Protestants are equally loyal to free institutions and to the American spirit, it is not difficult to understand the perplexities of the Republican leaders. It is a great misfortune that many French ecclesiastics have been so blind to the movement of the age, and so out of sympathy with the political aspirations of the French people. Pope Leo XIII. understood that the age of monarchy for France had passed, and saw that the Church could not bind itself to a dying system. The French Clericals lacked his statesmanlike insight and foresight, and have precipitated a fight in which they are certain to be beaten. In thus arraying a great religious organization against free government they have unfortunately confirmed the idea, fostered by many French radicals, that religion itself is reactionary, and given a new impulse to the forces which are opposed to all religion. They have also made possible a drastic policy which has undoubtedly involved great hardship and injustice. At bottom, however, the issue is fundamental, and the supporters of republican institutions in France had to face the alternative of taking education out of the hands of the Church or of building up a great and dangerous opposition to the Republic. Every Church is concerned with moral education; no Church has any concern with politics. The attempt to deal with political affairs has been the bane of the Roman Catholic Church for centuries. The French ecclesiastics may well study the attitude of the Church in this country and adopt its wise and patriotic policy.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON
AS THE SPECTATOR KNEW HIM

"HERE'S to your very good health and to your family's, and may you all live long and prosper." No words are more familiar to the American play-goer of two generations. Just how often Mr. Jefferson has uttered them in his great rôle of Rip Van Winkle no one knows, for the actor himself lost count years ago of the number of times he had played the part.

The Spectator was once present at an unusual performance of Rip which he has never seen chronicled. Mr. Jefferson had often wondered if his acting would interest the blind and the deaf; if they would be able to follow the story of the play and be moved by its pathos and its humor—the blind from what they heard and the deaf from what they saw. Just before his company broke up for the season, some eighteen years ago, Mr. Jefferson engaged Niblo's Garden, and through the Charity Commissioners of New York invited the children of the blind and deaf institutions of the city to a grand gala matinée. The members of the company gave their services, and a few of Mr. Jefferson's friends were asked to witness the experiment.

The Spectator remembers his first sight of that great array of children as he looked out from his seat in a box through the semi-darkness of the unlit theater; in one place a mass of blue uniforms, up yonder in the gallery rows of white-collared boys, down in the orchestra chairs a crowd of little girls in brown dresses. And then—just before the curtain went up—came a message from Mr. Jefferson. The Charity Commissioners had thought he must have made a mistake in inviting blind and deaf children to a theatrical performance, and they had sent only children with nothing the matter with them!

So the experiment was a failure, and, so far as the Spectator knows, Mr. Jefferson never had a chance to learn whether the blind and the deaf would appreciate his acting. But the children that day had a treat.

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Before the publication of his autobiography most of Mr. Jefferson's associates were of the stage. He came of a long line of actors. He was "Jefferson the Fourth," and at the Players in Gramercy Park, New York, hangs an old play-bill of David Garrick as Hamlet, with that Jefferson who was "Jefferson the First," our player's great-grandfather, as the King. His mother was an actress; he was "born in a theater;" his play-room was the stage. He made his first entrance as the child in "Pizarro" at the age of three, and a year later he began to "act," doing a little song and dance as a miniature "Jim Crow."

The appearance of the delightful story of his life brought him before the public in a new light. He had never before written anything, but just from putting down on paper what was in him he produced a masterpiece. General Grant did the same, and the editors of the magazine in which both their works appeared say that practically no corrections or changes were necessary in the manuscript of Joseph Jefferson and of General Grant.

While the autobiography was under way, Mr. Jefferson used to think that he wanted it to appear as a "subscription book," in the glory of a gilt top, a half-morocco back, a price of three dollars and a half, and an agent to talk about it. But he was persuaded to let the work come out first as a serial in a magazine, and he never regretted the success of the persuasion; for its publication there gave him at once a great literary audience. Then he began to be asked to speak before colleges and clubs (Yale gave him an LL.D.), and he loved to do it. His favorite way of beginning one of those charming personal talks was to say, after the long and hearty applause which was sure to greet him: "Ladies and gentlemen, you know a speaker always enjoys applause [then there was more of it], and for two reasons: first, because he likes to be appreciated, and, second, because it gives him a chance to think what he is going to say next." And that always brought out another round.

He liked to have the audience ask him questions, and his quickness at repartee and his keen wit never deserted him when he was on his feet. Sometimes, when he was not quite sure that he could think of enough for a speech, he would ask a friend to see that a few questions were distributed among the audience, so that, in case he began to halt, a query should surely be put to him. But they were seldom needed.

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For a number of years Mr. Jefferson spent his winters—between the autumn and spring seasons of acting—at his plantation near New Iberia, Louisiana. To reach it one traveled by rail for about four hours from New Orleans, and then drove in a wagon for ten miles over a flat prairie. "Avery's Island," a tall mesa with a famous salt mine inside it, loomed up in the distance. Mr. Jefferson called his place "Orange Island." Other people called it "Jefferson's Island." It was an island in name only, although one crossed a bridge over a small stream to reach it. The house was a great hospitable Southern home, one-story, with piazzas nearly surrounding it. Here the Spectator visited him for the first time. The morning after the arrival of his guest, Mr. Jefferson asked him what he would like to do best.

"Do you shoot?"

No, the Spectator didn't shoot.

"You don't shoot! Why not?"

To which the Spectator hesitatingly replied that he guessed it was because he didn't like to kill things.

"Well, that's queer. Do you fish?"

Yes, the Spectator confessed that he sometimes slew fish. But very little fishing was done, and the days largely were given over to reading aloud from the autobiography upon which Mr. Jefferson was then at work, and to long walks through the woods, where the Southern moss hung its curtains of gray over the live-oaks.

In the morning Mr. Jefferson would sit on the piazza in a big wicker chair and read bits of the autobiography. Occasionally he would lay down the manuscript and tell a story, and the Spectator would say, "Now, you must put that in."

"And do you really think that would interest the public?"

And, after some argument, in it would go.

He was full of good stories. He could quote from Shakespeare as if he had played in every part—and, indeed, he had played in many. He had his own theories on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy.

"Lord Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays, did he? And he was ashamed to own up to being a playwright? How about the sonnets? Was he ashamed to be known as a poet? Perhaps it was not fashionable to be known as a playwright in the days of good Queen Bess; but no one had need to hide his poetical light under a bushel. No, sir; you may depend upon it, as the old joke says, if Shakespeare did not write his plays, they were written by another fellow of the same name." Later he elaborated this idea and wrote a poem on it, which he read before the faculty of Yale University.

⁂

A year or more after the visit to the Louisiana plantation the Spectator met Mr. Jefferson in New York.

"Do you remember what you said when you were down at Orange Island?" he asked.

The Spectator could not recall anything of note that he had said. He remembered plenty of Mr. Jefferson's remarks.

"You said you didn't like to kill things! It made such an impression on me that I've never been shooting since; but I let Willie kill the jays because they are such a nuisance. You don't mind our killing jays?"

❀

People of this generation hardly realize what a wonderfully versatile actor was Joseph Jefferson. In our day he has been a man of a few parts, but the list of characters in which he was seen on the stage numbers fully one hundred. When the late Charles Mathews twitted Mr. Jefferson on playing only one part, he replied, "It is certainly better to play one part and make it various than to play a hundred parts and make them all alike." His art was so perfect that he played as if each time was the first. When he was asked a question on the stage, he seemed to be taking in the idea as if it were entirely new, and then slowly to formulate a reply. His audience never for an instant had the feeling that they were listening to an actor who was in a run of a hundred nights or who had said the same words thousands of times before.

It was in 1861 that he really planned his future career. He began then to search for a part which he could make his own, and in his autobiography he tells how he was reading Irving's "Sketch Book" in an old barn during a summer vacation on a Pennsylvania farm, and how he found his part in "Rip Van Winkle." There had been half a dozen stage versions of the story played by as many actors for forty years, but Mr. Jef-

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AND HIS BOY FRANK; PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE SPECTATOR AT MR. JEFFERSON'S LOUISIANA PLANTATION IN 1889 ferson made a play of his own, and used it for several seasons with varying success. Realizing that it needed strengthening, he asked Dion Boucicault to rewrite it, and "Rip Van Winkle," as we know it, was first produced at the Adelphi Theater in London, September 4, 1865. A year later, September 3, 1866, he played it for the first time in America. The act with Hendrik Hudson's crew was entirely his own, and no stage effect can be stronger than that scene in the mountains, with Rip's quaint talk the only words heard amid the silence and the pantomimic gestures of the ghostly band.

❀

In the older versions of the play Rip had been little more than a village sot, but Mr. Jefferson's version lifted him into the realm of poetry. You saw a lovable soul, weakened by habits of shiftlessness and drink, fully realizing its own weakness, but unable to resist temptation. You saw the man led away into the mountains with the dwarf and his barrel of schnapps, good-naturedly ready to help anybody who had a heavy load. You saw the glass offered him by the shade of Hendrik Hudson; you heard that touching "Don't leave me, boys!" as he sank down to his long sleep.

People used to tell Mr. Jefferson that it was a pity to let Rip drink the final toast at the end of the play, but he contended that the stage was not the place for a temperance sermon. The natural thing—the artistic thing—for the old man to do was to take the glass when it was offered to him. There was no reason why his twenty years' sleep should have cured him of the drink habit. "Should Rip refuse the cup, the drama would become a temperance play," once wrote Mr. Jefferson. "I should as soon expect to hear of Cinderella striking for higher wages, or of a speech on woman's rights from Mother Hubbard, as to listen to a temperance lecture from Rip Van Winkle; it would take all the poetry and fairy-tale element completely out of it." Indeed, the whole play was a sermon. Robert Collyer wrote of it in 1868: "I never saw such power. I never remember such nature in any Christian pulpit that it was ever my privilege to sit under, as in Joseph Jefferson's Rip Van Winkle. So simple, so true, so beautiful, so moral."

❀

Mr. Jefferson has always preached the gospel of art as distinct from nature or realism. The actor must hold the mirror up to nature, but it must be a mirror and not nature itself. He has often been urged to make Rip more spectacular, to add a few Dutch windmills with real sails going 'round, to treble the number of ghosts, and, above all, to have a real dog Schneider. But he was a thorough artist, and he knew the value of his art. Once he was asked to write a little article about Schneider, and to give the public his idea of what kind of a dog Schneider was. He refused, because, as he said, it was better to let people have their own ideas about Schneider.

"Why, do you know," said Mr. Jefferson, "people have asked me why I didn't have a real Schneider on the stage, just as I used to when they were young. And I have had hard work to convince them that there never was a Schneider on the stage. They had created that dog out of my allusions to him, and why should I tell them my idea of Schneider, and perhaps destroy in their minds the vision of a real dog which they had been seeing for thirty years? And, besides, I could look behind the scenes—and I know there was no dog."

❀

From 1866 to 1880 Mr. Jefferson seldom acted in anything but Rip. He produced "The Rivals" in the latter year, and in Bob Acres found another character that went straight to the hearts of the people. He was criticised for the slight changes he made in the original text—it was William Warren who remarked, "And Sheridan twenty miles away!"—but he felt that he was perfectly justified in developing the character of Bob and making him of more importance than his creator had intended. And he believed that no one would have approved his changes more heartily than Sheridan himself.

In this generation Mr. Jefferson was

MR. JEFFERSON ON HIS LOUISIANA PLANTATION

kept pretty much to the two parts of Rip and Bob, until quite recent years occasionally playing Dr. Pangloss in "The Heir at Law," Caleb Plummer in "Dot; or, The Cricket on the Hearth," and Mr. Golightly in "Lend Me Five Shillings." To his friends he sometimes confessed that he was afraid to try a new rôle. The risk of failure was too great. He was the dean of his profession, looked up to by every actor in the land, idolized by the public, sure of a crowded house whenever and wherever he appeared. As he grew older, too, he distrusted his memory.

Only once in many years, so far as the Spectator knows, had Mr. Jefferson essayed another part, and that was in the remarkable "all-star" benefit to Lester Wallace which took place at the Metropolitan Opera-House May 21, 1888. The play was "Hamlet," with Booth in the title rôle, Madame Modjeska as Ophelia, and such a cast as New York never saw before nor has seen since. Jefferson and Florence were the two grave-diggers, and the humor they got out of those parts will never be forgotten by the audience. One could see what a great artist Mr. Jefferson was—how tender his pathos, how exquisite his humor.

Mr. Jefferson was very fond of telling jokes on himself. He enjoyed the lady who tried to buy a paper of him as he stood one evening, rather shabbily dressed and with a bundle of papers under his arm, near the entrance to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

In the elevator of that house occurred a very embarrassing episode in his life, more amusing in the telling than in the happening. A thick-set, brown-bearded stranger accosted him: "Mr. Jefferson, I believe."

"Yes, I am Mr. Jefferson."

"I had the pleasure of meeting you in Washington not long ago," continued the stranger.

The actor made a courteous response to the effect that he met so many people, but had a most unpleasant memory for names. "May I ask your name, sir?"

"Ulysses S. Grant."

Mr. Jefferson used to say that he wouldn't have minded if the elevator had taken him down into the sub-cellar, with a coal-hole conveniently near.

❀

Mr. Jefferson believed that if he had not been an actor, he would have been a painter, and perhaps "would have succeeded better." Painting had always been to him a very great delight. He was at his best in landscape, and there is much true poetry and art in his work. He loved to depict Southern scenes—the slumbering bayou, or the dense forest, with its great tree-trunks and drooping moss. He was one of a few to make what are called "monotypes"—sketches done in sepia and lard on a zinc plate, from which a single impression is printed on absorbent paper. The Spectator owns a "monotype," about twenty-four by sixteen inches in size, representing a ruined sugar-mill on a Southern plantation, which Mr. Jefferson painted in twenty minutes.

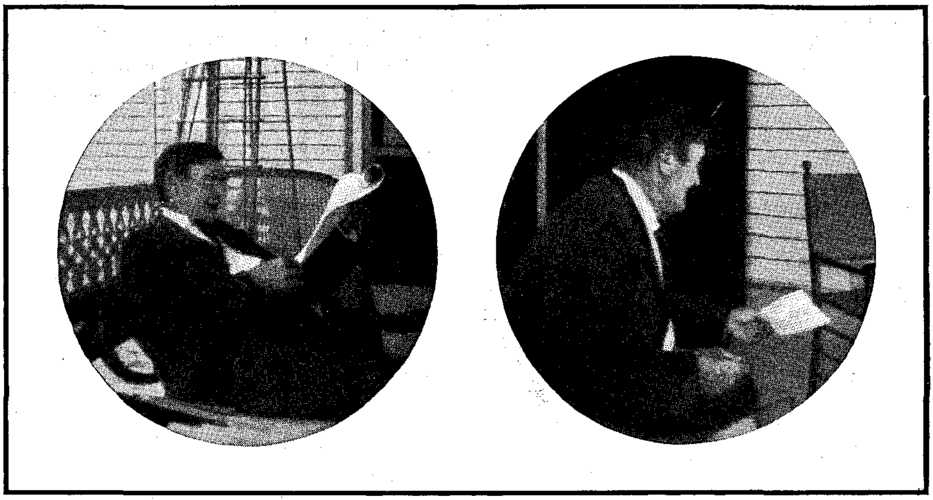
He was interested in the lighter philosophies. The work of Prentice Mulford greatly attracted him at one time. He had had remarkable communications, as he believed, from the other world—enough, at any rate, to convince him that there was another world, and to make him confident that he should see again those he loved. He was a wonderful optimist, always cheerful, always looking for the brightness of life. He once told the Spectator that in all his thousands of miles of travel he had never been in a railway or steamship accident or seen one. The last letter which the Spectator received from Mr. Jefferson was reminiscent of their earlier friendship, and closed with these words:

> How time goes on, so heedless of us all! What a short-lived creature is man (myself excepted—by the by, seventy-five next birthday). In a few years we shall be sweet little angels, wings and all; and, as the old gambler said on his death-bed, "If we meet, I'll *fly you for $5.*" Till then,
>
> Sincerely yours,
>
> J. JEFFERSON.

❀

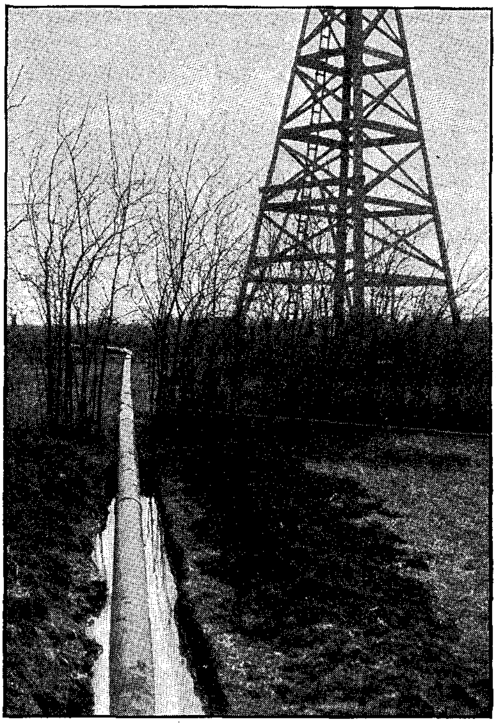
Everybody loved him. Down at the Louisiana plantation they all loved him, from the Acadian overseer to the ponies who came into the kitchen to be fed. The Buzzards Bay fishermen loved him. The public made him the embodiment of the two characters with which they had for so many years associated him—Rip and Bob—for both of whom the pity that is akin to love is the predominating sentiment. And the public loved him, too, for himself. His autobiography was so human that it made every reader feel that he knew him well. His face was as familiar to one who met him on the street as if he had been a member of that person's own family. People always wanted to do things for him—and he himself was always doing for others.

At the hotel where he stayed when he was last in New York—a sick man, wasted and feeble, but with eye and mind as bright as ever—a lady who saw him seated in the elevator went up to him, as she neared her floor, gently touched his hand, and passed on. It was the embodiment of the feeling of a nation towards this man who had brought cheer to millions of hearts.



MR. JEFFERSON READING ALOUD FROM THE MANUSCRIPT OF HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE SPECTATOR

THE OIL FIELDS AND PIPE LINES OF KANSAS



BY F. S. BARDE

PICTURES BY ARTHUR HEWITT

JEALOUS of their liberties and opinions, and long given to conflict, the people of the State of Kansas have armed themselves with every legal weapon their Legislature could forge and have declared war upon the Standard Oil Company. The methods of this corporation in seeking to control the products of the Kansas oil field by strangling competition and regulating arbitrarily the price of crude and refined petroleum, and the threatened danger of losing control of the oil lands to the Standard, were causes that led to this popular uprising. The publicity in cartoons, magazines, and newspapers in the last three or four years concerning the commercial depredations of the Standard furnished an additional incentive to resist the intrenchment of this monopoly on Kansas soil.

Under constant pressure from the people, the last Legislative Assembly in one week enacted laws that long agitation elsewhere has failed to procure. When it was proposed that the State should build and operate its own refinery, the plan was criticised as Socialistic in its tendency, but the Legislature appropriated the sum of $400,000 for this purpose, believing that it would be the best guarantee of an unrestricted supply of refined oil at the lowest price to consumers, and would offer greatest protection to independent producers of crude oil in the State. It was seen that without other legislation a refinery would be useless, and to insure greater freedom from trust restraints the Legislature quickly enacted these supplementary laws:

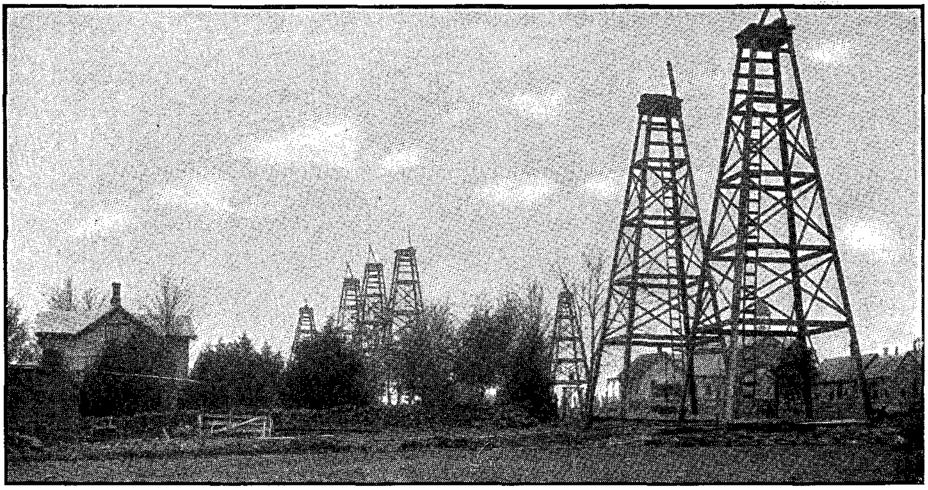
> Establishing a maximum freight rate for the transportation of crude oil by railroads and prohibiting rebates. This gives protection to the oil producer.
>
> Forbidding discrimination by any person, firm, or corporation in the sale of any commodity at a less price in one place than in another, proper allowance being made for differences in distance. This insures fair competition throughout the State and applies to all classes of business.
>
> Creating a railroad commission of three State officers, with power to fix rates, tariffs, charges, classifications, and rules and regulations for all railroads in the State. This law permits the enforcement of the maximum freight rate.
>
> Making pipe lines a common carrier for all oil producers, and fixing a schedule of charges for this enforced service. The Standard Oil Company, which owns all the pipe lines in the State, is made the servant of independent producers and refiners.

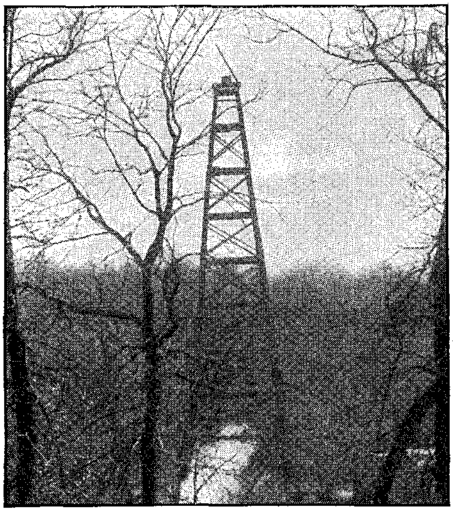
The hostility against the Standard Oil Company in Kansas was provoked by its employment of the same methods that brought ruin to independent producers and refiners in other States where the Standard was dominant. The people of Kansas are congratulating themselves that they saw their danger in time to avert disaster and prevent practically a confiscation of their oil field. The Standard's encroachment may be traced step by step, from the first discovery of oil in 1889, when the annual output was only five hundred barrels, to the present time, when millions of dollars are invested in property and improvements, and the output in 1904 was 5,599,054 barrels.

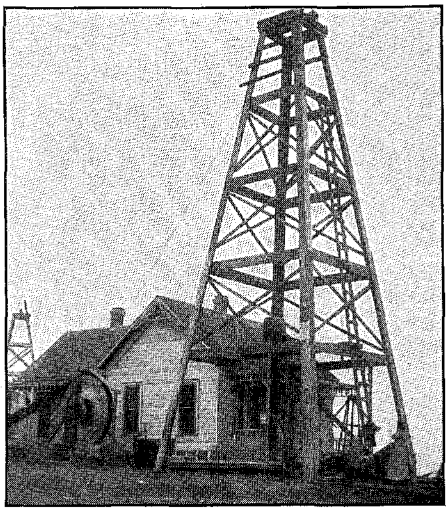
The firm of Guffy & Galey, known as field agents of the Standard, though claiming to be independent in their operations, came in the early '90's, set their drills at work, and in time leased about one million acres of land from Kansas farmers. In 1895 the Forest Oil Company, acting, it is believed, as a component part of the Standard Oil system, took over the holdings of Guffy & Galey. Neodesha was chosen as the center of operations, and, as an inducement for other persons to assist in developing the field, an oil refinery was built at that place. The Standard extended its operations over southeastern Kansas, feeling everywhere for oil, and expended a considerable amount of money in prospecting. For reasons best known to itself, the Standard allowed the bulk of its leases to lapse, and never afterwards renewed more than a small percentage of the aggregate oil lease area of Kansas. These first leases were legally imperfect, and gave the landowner a royalty of ten per cent. on all oil produced, but did not specify the amount or time of development. Leases now carry a royalty of one-eighth, and require an annual rental of 25 cents an acre when development is not under way.

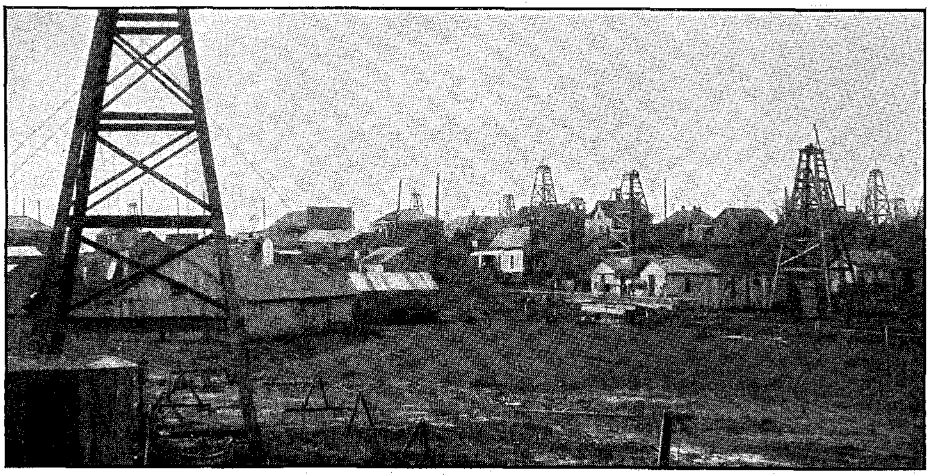
The Standard was not to be permitted to remain in undisputed possession of any knowledge it might have of the underground resources of Kansas. In boring for natural gas in 1900, the town of Chanute struck oil. Fifty-one wells were sunk, and twenty-eight were producers. The discovery drew oil men from Pennsylvania and other States, and oil was found at other places, notably at Peru, where a fine pool was exposed. The crude oil was shipped to near-by markets and sold for fuel and lubricating purposes.

This traffic did not escape the watchful eye of the Standard Oil Company. In the development of the Standard's plans, the Prairie Oil and Gas Company was organized in 1900, and it absorbed the Forest Oil Company. W. J. Young, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, was elected president of the new company. On April 30, 1904, its capital stock was increased from $300,000 to $2,500,000.



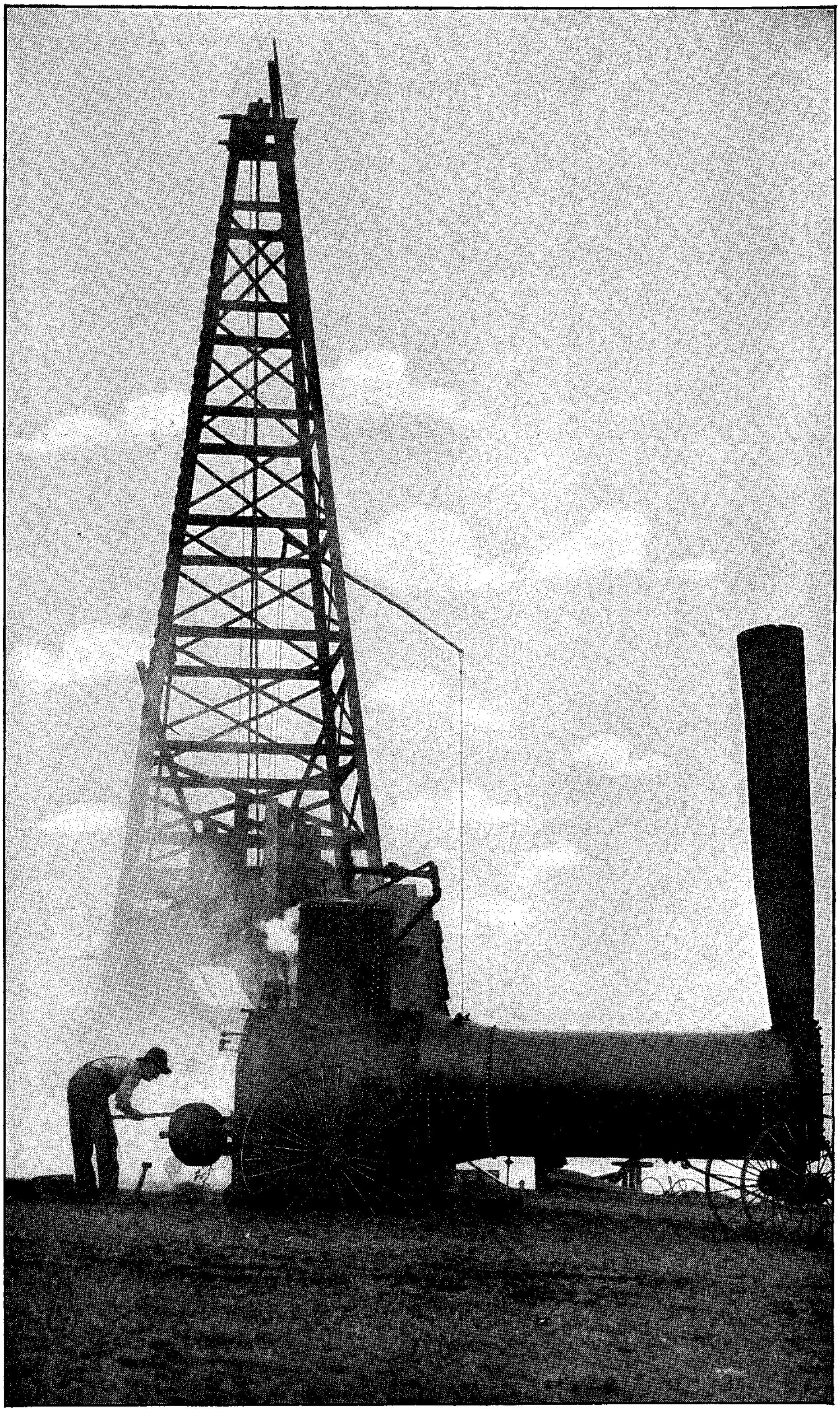






OIL WELLS ARE EVERYWHERE

No place in the oil region is safe from the intrusion of the oil well with its unsightly derrick. They are everywhere, in the streets of the towns, in the depths of the woods, almost crowding a house from its own front yard. The picture at the top of the page shows six wells in one man's garden



DRILLING 2,000 FEET DEEP IN THE SEARCH FOR OIL

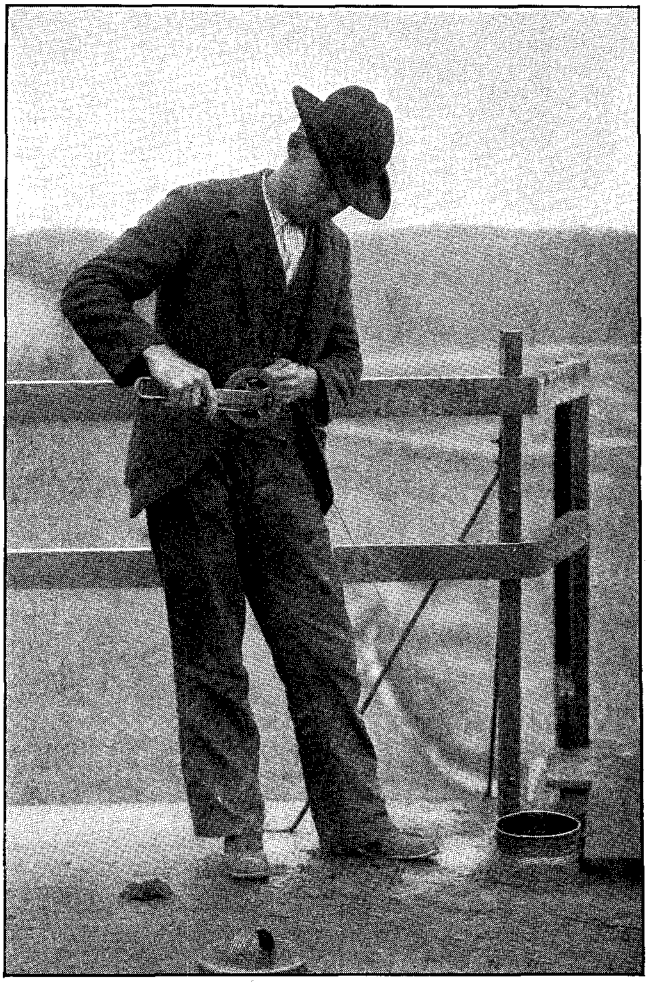
With the organization of the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, the Standard Oil Company began stirring itself. It was desirable that the full extent of the Kansas field should be known. The inducement that most quickly would bring this result without risk to the company would be to increase the price of crude oil. The prices were alluring, and clerks, merchants, farmers, and laborers invested in stock companies promoted by speculators, and derricks went skyward all over southeastern Kansas. The relative increase in production and prices was complementary. The production of crude oil in 1900 was 74,714 barrels; in 1901, 179,151; in 1902, 331,749; in 1903, 1,071,015; in 1904, 5,599,054. The maximum prices were: 1899, 75 cents a barrel; 1900, 80 cents; 1901, 80 cents; 1902, 90 cents. In 1903 the price advanced from $1.15 on January 1 to $1.38 on December 9. This last was a turning point from which the market never rallied. On February 12, 1904, the price had declined to $1.31, and it fell slowly but regularly to $1.03 on June 17. On December 31 the price reached 80 cents, and on the last day of January, 1905, the independent producers were staring at 70 cents a barrel. Since that time the price has dropped to 68 cents a barrel.

If the Kansas producer was ignorant of what had happened, experienced operators from Pennsylvania were there to tell him. They knew that the Standard had acquired all the information it desired concerning the extent and value of the Kansas field, and that the man on the outside had been decoyed into doing the work at his own expense. Moreover, the Standard had gained control of a larger and richer oil field in Indian Territory and Oklahoma, from which its pipe line passed through Kansas to a big refinery at Sugar Creek, near Kansas City, Missouri. This pipe line was connected with the Standard's inter-State line now building to Whiting, Indiana. Kansas oil no longer was essential to the Standard's immediate prosperity.

THE MEN OF THE OIL FIELDS

The Standard grew prodigal in schemes to harass and discourage the Kansas producer. With the completion of its pipe line to Kansas City, freight rates on crude oil suddenly were almost doubled, and producers were confronted with the alternative of selling at a low price to the Standard or paying prohibitive freight rates. An arbitrary differential of twenty cents a barrel was made in favor of the field south of Neodesha, though formerly there had been no discrimination in price. This differential affected adversely a large percentage of Kansas oil. Another gouge was a pipeage discount of three per cent. for impurities, which producers declared did not exist, and a charge of from one-half to one per cent. for "steaming" the oil, to move it more easily through the pipe lines. The only independent refinery in Kansas was at Humboldt. To drive this small refinery out of business, the Standard lowered the retail price of kerosene to nine cents a gallon in towns where the Humboldt refinery had a market, while elsewhere the price of kerosene was fifteen to twenty cents a gallon.

The Standard's campaign affected about four hundred companies, six thousand farmers whose lands were leased, and a total of twenty-five thousand persons interested directly or indirectly in the oil business. The independent producers saw the disaster confronting them. When the average Kansan gets into trouble, he tries to get out by "organizing." This is what the producers did. The initial step was taken by H. E. West, an oil producer living at Peru. He called a local meeting, and declared that relief could come only from the Legislature, then in session at Topeka. A largely attended State convention of oil producers was held at Topeka on January 19, 1905. The Kansas Oil Producers' Association was organized, and H. E. West elected President, and J. M. Parker, of Independence, Secretary. A committee was chosen to remain at Topeka and formulate plans for legislation. The building of a State refinery was proposed, but at first met with opposition among business men and politicians who doubted the wisdom of State ownership, and feared that the experiment would fail and saddle a heavy indebtedness upon the State. Governor E. W. Hoch and W. R. Stubbs, his political lieutenant and Speaker of the House of Representatives, were among the doubters, but unfriendly to the Standard Oil Company.



MEASURING THE CONTENTS OF AN OIL TANK

The depth of the oil in a tank is measured by means of a weighted steel tape line before the oil is drawn off into the pipe line

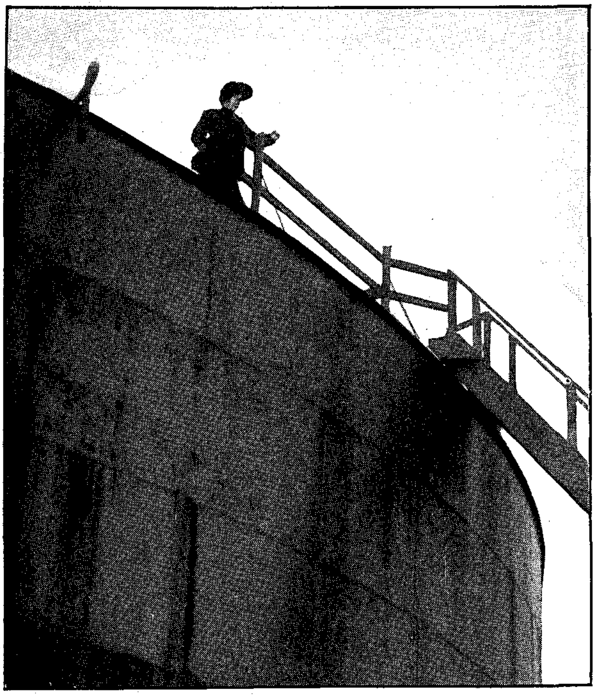
As the demand for a refinery grew more vehement, Governor Hoch yielded to the wishes of his people.

MEASURING THE CONTENTS OF AN OIL TANK

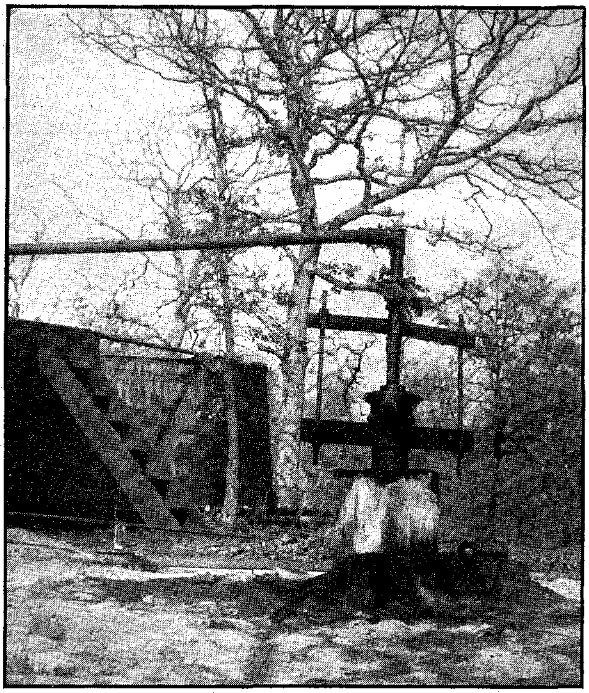
In small tanks the depth of the oil is measured by means of a graduated rod, and the quantity of oil in the tank is computed from the depth

How the producers' committee won its fight is a story that should be known in every State. The Standard sent its most trusted lobbyists and attorneys to block adverse legislation, and the Standard's reputed success in manipulating legislatures gave little encouragement to the hope that the lawmakers of Kansas would escape its seductive influence. The producers employed a competent lawyer and opened headquarters. Their plans at first were indefinite, but every suggestion was carefully considered, and in a week the committee had laid a foundation for its campaign, which was conducted with the strategy of practical politics. Its members kept away from the Legislature, and appealed directly to the people. A list of every township trustee in the State, and the name of every farmer on file in the State Department of Agriculture, was obtained, and to each was mailed a letter telling of the rapacious conduct of the Standard Oil Company, and the evil that menaced both the consumer and the independent producer of oil, and asking for advice. Thousands of copies of friendly newspapers containing special articles and cartoons denouncing the Standard Oil Company were sent everywhere in the State, the rural mail delivery service permitting the rapid dissemination of this literature. The headquarters of the committee grew to be the busiest place in Topeka. Clerks and stenographers worked night and day in this campaign of publicity, the watchword of which was "So the People May Know." The committee and its attorney prepared and approved a State oil refinery bill, a maximum freight rate bill, an anti-discrimination bill, etc., which enthusiastic champions quickly introduced in the Legislature.

A blizzard had blanketed Kansas with snow, and the rural citizen had leisure to read the "trust-busting" literature left at his door every day by his mail-carrier. An avalanche of letters and petitions fell daily into the State House at Topeka from constituents demanding that their representative should break



A STANDARD OIL COMPANY TANK



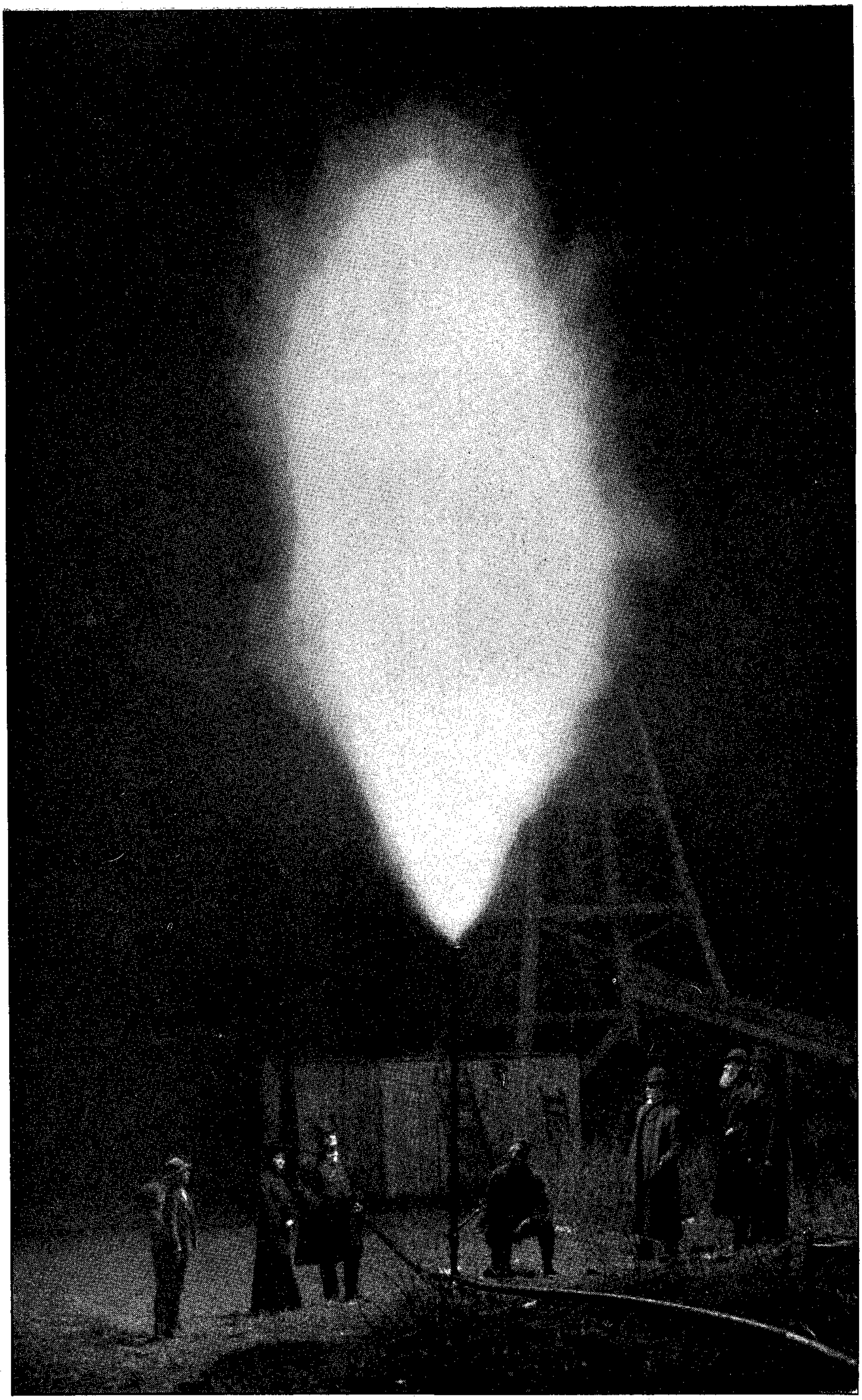
A SELF-FLOWING WELL

This well, from which the oil flows continuously without pumping, cost $2,500 to sink, and paid for itself in ten days

the shackles that railroads and the Standard Oil Company had fastened upon Kansas. Legislators who had been lukewarm or obstinate towards the plans of the producer changed front and stood up to be counted on the side of the people.

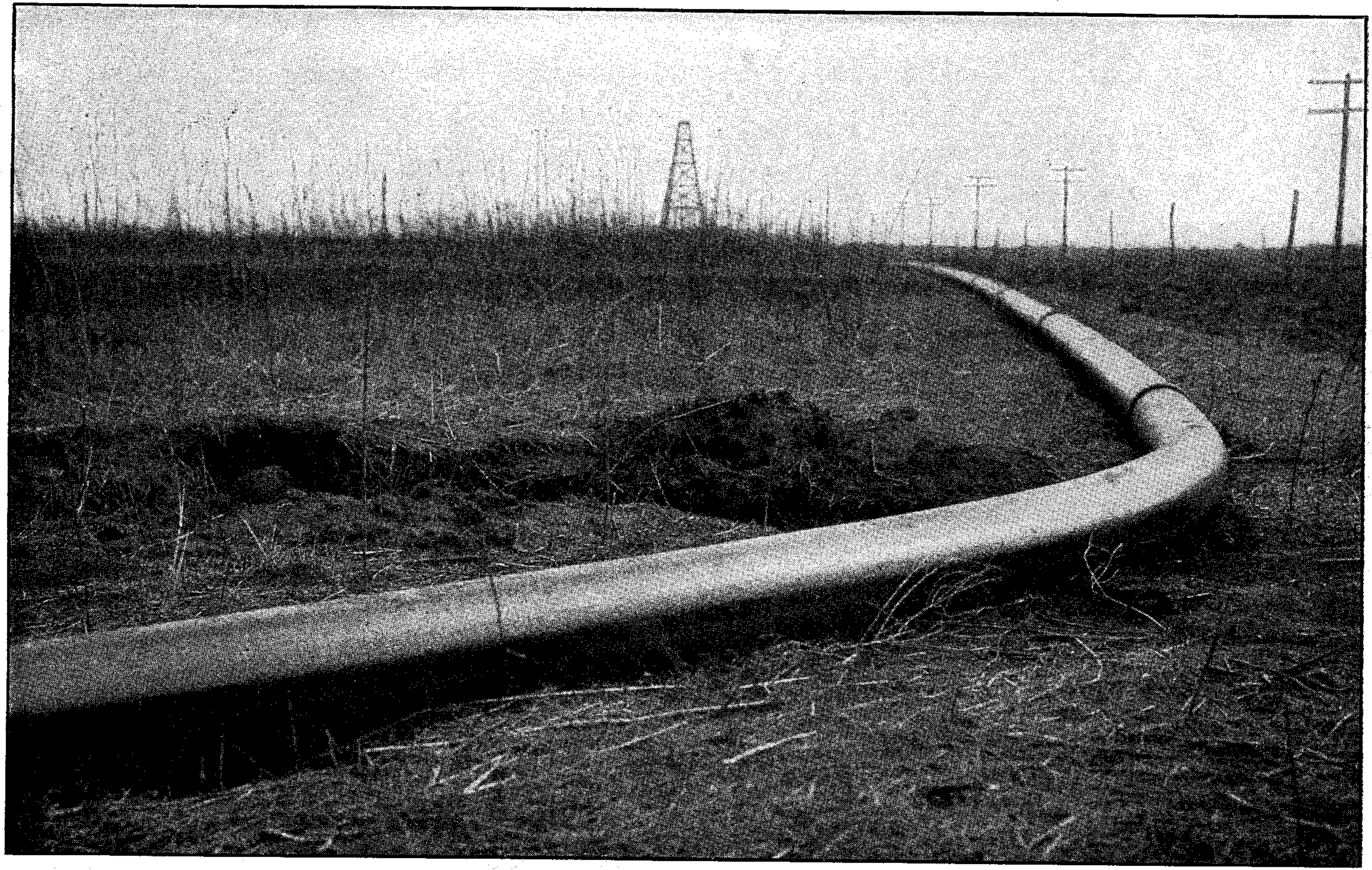
Fresh fuel was thrown on the fire behind the legislators when the committee inserted in its newspapers a paragraph headed: "Two Bags of Money by Express. What Will the Standard Do with It?" The effect was to create the impression that if the Legislature failed to do its duty, the Standard had opened its money-bags. A legislative inquiry was made to ascertain the truthfulness of the boodle story, and the report was that boodle could not be found. The producers' committee alleged that the Standard's lobby was responsible for both the inquiry and the report, to protect its friends, and the committee promptly cried "whitewash." The legitimate expenses of the producers' campaign were heavy, but contributions were generously given. Secretary Parker said that the committee's only "slush" fund was $12 for cigars.

The native Kansan was now aroused and looking for trouble. The Standard's agents, sanguine of ultimate success, grew fearful, and tried persuasion, by cutting the retail price of kerosene four and one-half cents a gallon. The producers' committee declared that this was not only a bribe to the consumer, but evidence of the Standard's excessive profits. Then the Standard tried intimidation, which



A GAS WELL ON FIRE

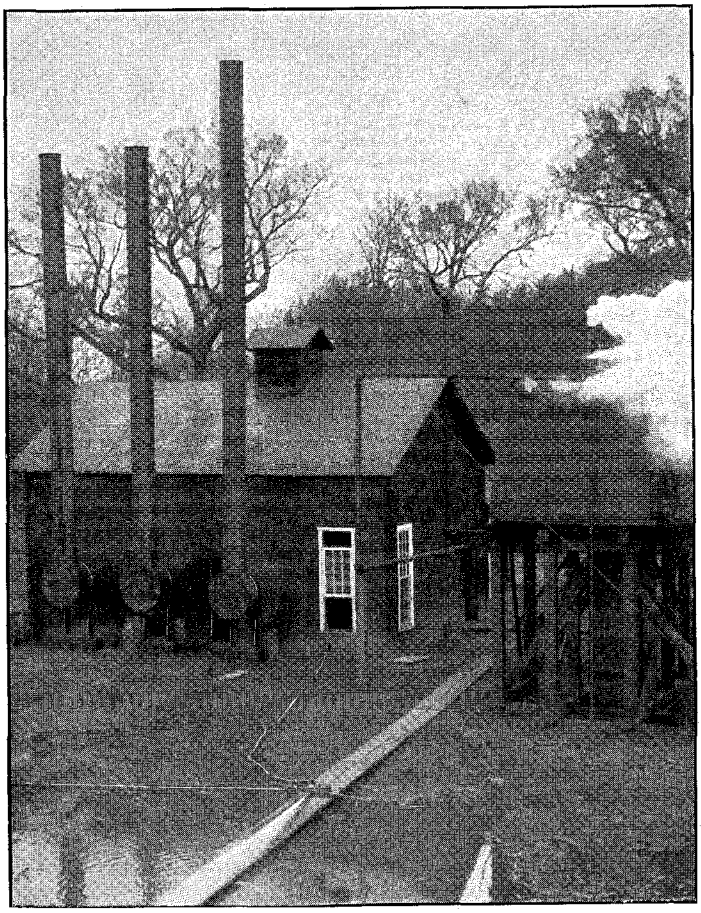
This photograph of a natural gas well was taken at Peru, Kansas, at ten o'clock in the evening. The gas is escaping under a pressure of 100 pounds to the square inch. The noise produced by the roaring of the flame was so loud that it was practically impossible for the bystanders to hear one another speak



THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY'S MAIN TEN-INCH PIPE LINE

The pipes are laid with bends at regular intervals to allow for contraction and expansion caused by variation in temperature. Since all petroleum contains more or less paraffine or wax, much trouble is often experienced in the clogging of the pipes, especially in cold weather, and to clear them out an instrument known as the "go-devil" is sent through the pipe. It is so constructed that it is forced along by the moving current of oil, scraping the paraffine from the tube as it goes proved a blunder, by issuing an order that no more Kansas oil would be purchased by the Prairie Oil and Gas Company, and that all construction work in the field should cease. This order provoked a defiant challenge, placed the Legislature beyond the possible influence of the Standard's lobby, and resulted finally in President Roosevelt's order to the Department of Commerce and Labor to learn whether or not the Standard Oil Company was violating the anti-trust laws in the conduct of its business in Kansas. The Standard tried to shift its position by revoking its order after it had been in effect a week.

The iron was hot and the producers were pounding it with all their might. Towns sent delegations of citizens to Topeka to urge members of the Legislature to line up and stand firmly against the Standard. It became injudicious for a legislator, unless accompanied by a constituent, to be seen talking to a Standard lobbyist. One bill after another was quickly enacted into law, and the Legislature adjourned, to the chagrin of the lobbyists and the astonishment of persons who did not believe that the Standard Oil Company could fail in any of its undertakings.

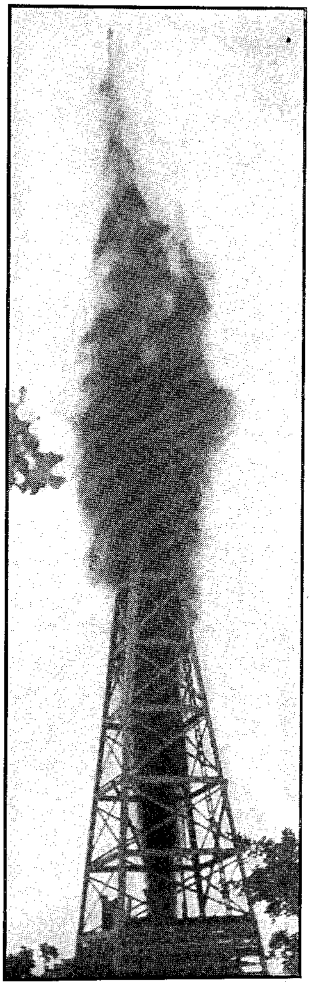


A STANDARD OIL COMPANY PUMPING STATION

Stations with pumps and storage tanks are placed from 25 to 30 miles apart along the pipe line; the oil flows into the tank at each pumping station, and is then forced through the pipe to the next one

Checkmated in its schemes to monopolize the oil resources of Kansas, the Standard, in retiring from the legislative contest, gave a parting blow to owners of oil lands and independent producers. The Prairie Oil and Gas Company announced that it would buy no Kansas petroleum having a specific gravity of less than thirty degrees, giving as a reason that its facilities for storage were inadequate to handle production. This order shut out seventy per cent. of the producing wells in Kansas, but did not affect the Indian Territory-Oklahoma field controlled by the Standard, which has only one well that tests below thirty degrees, the others ranging from thirty-four to thirty-six degrees. The specific gravity of Kansas oil is from twenty to thirty-four degrees, the average being less than twenty-eight degrees. In refining it yields about forty per cent. illuminating oil, which producers offer as evidence to discredit the unfriendly statement that it is essentially a fuel oil. The Standard gave a further rebuke to Kansas producers by tearing out its tank-line connections with independent wells and announcing that its tank farms at Neodesha, where more than five million barrels of oil were stored, would be moved to Ramona, Indian Territory. There is substantial reason for the belief that the Standard will seek further reprisal by resisting any attempt to use its pipe lines as a common carrier.

Production in the Kansas field is now at a minimum, and there is no hope of improvement until the State refinery is in operation. In the interval the maximum freight law may enable producers adjacent to railroads to find a market in the State for fuel oil. The new maximum rate schedule on crude oil, while giving relief to producers, is an astounding indictment of what railroads were doing prior to the enactment of the law. Here is an example: For a haul of two hundred miles the old rate on crude oil was fifty-eight cents a hundred pounds; a barrel of crude oil was accepted at not less than four hundred pounds, which made the total freight charge $2.32 a barrel. A barrel of crude oil actually weighs 310.8 pounds. The new rate for a two-hundred-mile haul is nine cents a hundred, or 27.97 cents a barrel, a difference of more than $2 a barrel. Kansas has brought suit against both the Standard Oil Company and the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad Company to learn if they are guilty of conspiracy or other offenses in violation of the anti-trust law.

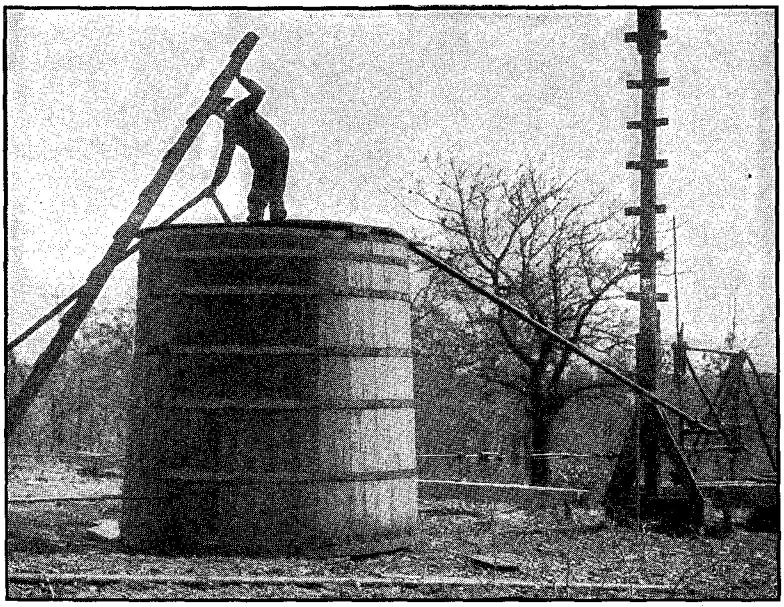


SHOOTING AN OIL WELL

In many cases the oil does not flow when the oil-bearing rock is struck, and it is customary in such cases to explode a nitro-glycerine torpedo at the bottom of the drill hole, whereupon the oil almost immediately begins to pour out of the well, sometimes with tremendous force and velocity.

The Kansas oil producer who looks ahead is not deluding himself with the idea that a State refinery will solve the oil problem for the independent operator. He knows that this refinery can supply only a small percentage of the refined oil consumed in the State, and that in a single-handed fight with the Standard it might not give full protection to the people. " Practical and beneficial results will be obtained," said a representative producer, " when the refinery is ' set on a hill as a watch-dog ' to guard the independent refineries which we expect to see built by private capital. These independent refineries are the hope of the oil producers, and without them the future of the field would be discouraging."

There is little alarm in Kansas, however, over the possibility of the Standard's forcing down the retail price of refined oil to less than its cost of production and maintaining the schedule for an



A SMALL OIL TANK

The oil is flowing into this tank, through a pipe held in the man's hand, at the rate of a barrel in three minutes

indefinite period in an attempt to put the State out of the oil business. The Kansas consumer would smile, and ask the State to lock up the refinery so long as the Standard should sell its oil cheaper than it could be produced by the State. Whenever the Standard advanced its prices, the State could open its refinery and resume business. An advantage of this plan would be that the State need not take its oil from under ground in greater quantities than the demand required. The danger had been to the oil on top of the ground, which the Standard was confiscating by its juggling of prices and manipulation of railroad freight rates. Kansas suspects that the Standard is too shrewd to undertake such a fight. The benefits to the consumer would be observed by the people of other States, and their Legislatures would be asked to follow the example of Kansas and "set a watch-dog on the hill."

Locking up the State refinery would give little consolation, however, to independent producers and the owners of oil lands. They can prosper only when they can get a market for their product, at good prices. They declare that the maximum freight rate and the anti-discrimination law are of more intrinsic advantage than a State refinery. They need more than home protection. An independent refinery could be built on every section of land in Kansas without relieving the congestion in the oil field. Kansas can pour oil far in excess of home consumption, and a market must be found for this surplus. At this time Kansas is discussing the construction of a pipe line to the Gulf of Mexico, and the establishment of a European market, as the only means of breaking through the barrier which the Standard Oil Company has built around the State. The cost of such a pipe line is estimated at about $7,000,000. Officers of the Kansas Producers' Association assert that the necessary capital has been offered, upon condition that a merger controlling a daily output of not less than ten thousand barrels can be effected. Each producer would receive for his property a certain amount in cash, and the balance in pipe-line stock. The sanguine Kansan predicts that this pipe line will be building this year. A dozen or more companies have declared their intention of building independent refineries.

Before decisive steps are taken in building a pipe line to tide-water, Kansas producers may try to establish a market nearer home. Their plan contemplates the building of a refinery at Kansas City and its connection with an independent producers' pipe line from the Kansas field. After refining, the residuum would be sold for fuel purposes. The producers assert that there is a market for more than thirty thousand barrels of fuel oil daily in the Middle West, and that the producer could sell his fuel oil at a profit in competition with coal at $1.40 a ton. The market for the refinery distillate would be ample and the price profitable. An executive committee representing the producers has recommended the consolidation of all independent properties, upon an appraised valuation, and that the merger should have a daily production of not less than ten thousand barrels.

The Kansas oil field, as developed, extends from Iola south to Indian Territory, and has an average width of about forty miles. Oil is found at a depth of from seven hundred to fourteen hundred feet. The industry has given wonderful growth to Kansas towns, many of which, after remaining sleepy villages for more than a quarter of a century, awoke suddenly into feverish activity. Their streets became crowded with traffic, and their hotels swarmed with strangers. Prosperity made everybody a liberal "spender," and money was plentiful. A majority of the towns found an unlimited supply of natural gas, which gave cheap fuel to factories and domestic consumers. Gas is so cheap that lights burn night and day.

The long, low-sweeping prairie sky-line of the Kansas oil towns is jagged and broken with the perpendicular lines of unsightly derricks. There is an odor of kerosene in the air, and streets, fences, sidewalks, and buildings are splotched with brown stains. At Peru wells were drilled in the rear of stores and dwellings, and when "shot" with nitro-glycerine, geysers of oil came roaring to the surface and were caught by high winds and blown broadcast. Housewives wept at the sight of floor and carpets "tracked" and soiled with oily dirt. A well drilled in the cemetery at Peru rained its oil upon the white marble slabs and monuments. Citizens grew indignant, and the well-drillers tried to placate them by scrubbing and sand-papering the gravestones.

Few sources of wealth are more enticing to speculators than the ownership of producing oil wells. The steady stream of riches that flows night and day from hidden caverns seems to be the creation of magic. Kansas farmers, after toiling for years to wrest a competency from the earth's surface, were suddenly confronted by strangers who promised them fortunes for the privilege of mining the treasure that lay beneath their fields. One farmer saw his income grow from $3,000 one month to $6,000 the next, and $8,000 the third. One of his wells, for a time, yielded four hundred barrels of oil a day. Another farmer, whose only possession was twenty-two head of poor cattle, borrowed $150 to make a payment on eighty acres of cheap land, without suspecting that his purchase was in the oil belt. He has been offered $50,000 for his farm.

The State refinery will be built at Peru, Chautauqua County, a central location in the oil belt. The sum of $200,000 will be invested in a plant having a capacity of two thousand barrels a day, and a like sum, known as a "revolving" fund, will be used in the operation of the plant. The revenues will be deposited in the State treasury to the credit of this "revolving" fund. The warden of the State penitentiary will build and operate the refinery with convict labor. As a safeguard to purchasers, a friendly suit has been instituted to test the validity of the refinery bonds before they are placed in the market. The refinery, if plans do not fail, should be in operation in six months. Independent producers estimate that the State can pay $1 a barrel for crude oil and sell kerosene at six cents a gallon, and make a good profit. The retail dealer would add from one to two cents a gallon as his commission. With the State's guarantee of protection against the Standard, and a market for their surplus, producers believe that they can increase the total daily output of crude oil in Kansas to forty thousand barrels, which would be considerably more than twice the amount heretofore produced.

TWO GREAT VIOLINISTS

FRITZ KREISLER
EUGÈNE YSAYE

BY RICHARD ALDRICH

EUGÈNE YSAYE and Fritz Kreisler have so impressed their art upon the musical public in the course of the New York season now drawing to a close as almost to have given it a special *cachet* of their own. If, notwithstanding the appearance of several distinguished pianists, this has been peculiarly a violinists' season, it has been chiefly due to the uncommon interest that these two great artists have aroused. They have made no "sensation." The judicious have had no cause to grieve over any hysterical manifestations such as too often ensue when the public has been deeply stirred in a musical way. "Virtuosos," in the less noble sense, these two men are not; and they have made their impression, each in his own way, through musicianship untainted with trickery or meretricious effects, or the exploitation of a personality. Both have exercised the potent spell of great art with the dignity of true artists.

Mr. Ysaye reaches in his inspired moments to the highest flights of the interpreting musician. His moments are not all inspired, and in other moods he partakes unmistakably of the earthly nature. But none have spoken with a higher or a nobler eloquence than he at his best, as in Bach's E major concerto, in which he embodies the breadth and muscularity of the first allegro, and voices the ineffable and solemn tenderness of the slow movement as few have ever done; and as in Beethoven's concerto, in the first allegro, and in the larghetto, at least. Or we may prefer to dwell upon the elegance and aristocratic refinement, the grace and symmetry, of his playing of Saint-Saëns's B minor concerto, a work not of the deepest artistic significance, but ennobled and dignified by his art. There is a quality in Mr. Ysaye's performance that distinguishes it from most other men's performance on the violin—a quality that persists in and through even his less artistic moods. It is a quality of deep poetical insight through which he is enabled to pluck the heart out of the mystery of great music and impart it in more or less completeness, putting the listener into immediate communion with the music for its own sake alone. It is a fervent and impassioned preoccupation with the inner voice, with the secret thought, of the composer. At such times all considerations of technique vanish, all the processes by which the work of the artist is done are forgotten. The listener hears his heart-searching tone, rich in indefinable shades of emotional expressiveness and color, his soaring imagination, his instinctive following of the larger melodic line. He feels the broad and sensitive bowing and its plastic modeling of the phrase; and all these things are joined in an irresistible eloquence. There is a story that Vieuxtemps, paralyzed, suffering in enforced exile in Algiers, longed during his last days to hear again the cantabile of his pupil Eugène Ysaye. That cantabile is the greatest glory of the artist; his tone is such as is scarcely to be heard from any other master of the instrument now living, so poignantly beautiful is it, so warm, so expressive. With it he can take us close to celestial heights, as can few others.

Mr. Ysaye is not always at the height of his powers. He is an extremely uneven performer, and his sincerest admirers are not seldom disconcerted by the faultiness of his playing in his less happy moments. They may hear, then, inaccurate and slovenly technique, false intonation, exaggerated sentiment; but the indestructible qualities of great art are never quite absent. Mr. Arthur Symons has thus spoken of Ysaye's playing, and we may see the face and figure of the artist through his words:

"I looked at Ysaye as he stood, an almost shapeless mass of flesh, holding the violin between his fat fingers and looking vaguely into the air. He put the violin to his shoulder. The face had been like a mass of clay waiting the sculptor's thumb. As the music came, an invisible touch seemed to pass over it; the heavy mouth and chin remained firm, pressed down on the violin, but the eyelids and the eyebrows began to move as if the eyes saw the sound and were drawing it in luxuriously, with a kind of sleepy ecstasy, as one draws in perfume out of a flower."

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1898, BY AIME DUPONT

EUGÈNE YSAYE

Mr. Ysaye has written his name in the musical history of the last thirty years. He is forty-seven years old, a Belgian, a pupil of the Conservatory of Liège, his birthplace; later of Vieuxtemps at the Conservatory of Brussels. He was Franz Kneisel's predecessor as concert-master of Benjamin Bilse's famous orchestra in Berlin, and he has paid tribute to the artist's *noblesse oblige* by serving as a teacher in the Brussels Conservatory. The substantial quality of his musicianship is shown in the merits of the string quartet that he established in Brussels, and in the results he achieved as conductor of the series of orchestral concerts that he founded in the Belgian capital, and that are continued under his name. And the generosity of his nature is recurrently manifested in the annual Ysaye prize for composition. As a composer he is little known, and he has never exploited himself in that capacity; yet the tale of his works includes six concertos for violin, variations on a theme by Paganini, and a number of smaller pieces.

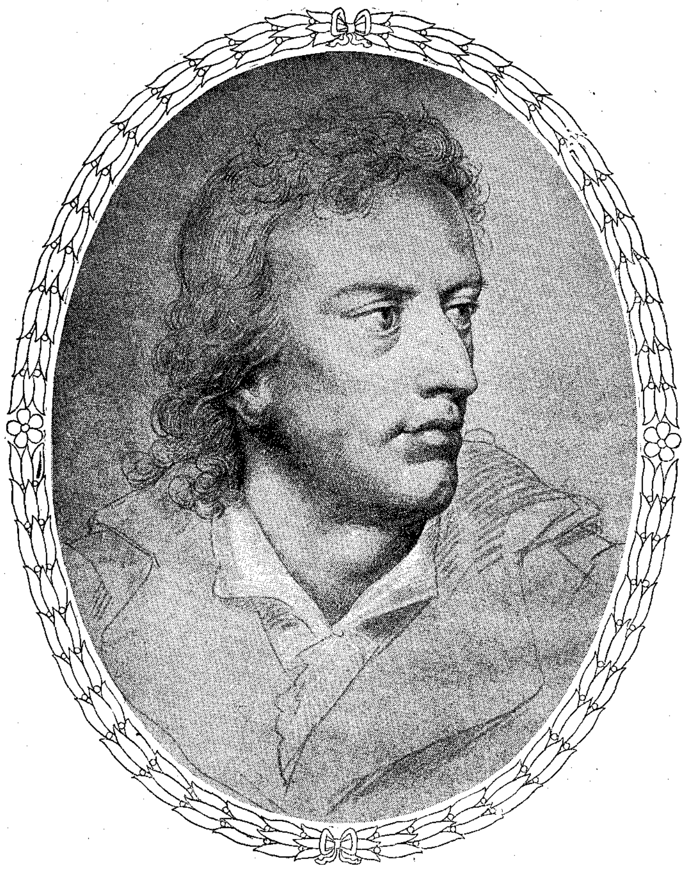
Mr. Kreisler's career has been an especially interesting one for this public, for we have been enabled to watch in him the steady and sure development of a great artist. Some sixteen years ago a "Master Fritz Kreisler" appeared as an "infant phenomenon" in Moritz Rosenthal's piano recitals in New York. He made an entirely presentable appear-

PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT 1905, BY AIME DUPONT

FRITZ KREISLER

ance, but the town omitted to go mad over him as it did over little Josef Hofmann a year earlier. Now, there are few who have attained the highest places in the world of music who have not discovered precocious talent; but all children do not grow up as they promise; else, as Goethe observes in "Wahrheit und Dichtung," we should have nothing but geniuses in the world. Master Fritz, however, who began playing at the age of four and had appeared in a concert with Patti at six, has kept his youthful promises. When he first came to New York he had already had the training of Hellmesberger in Vienna, which was his home, and of Massart in Paris; there he had taken a Conservatoire prize, and there he had played at one of Pasdeloup's concerts. Fortunately, his experience as an infantile virtuoso was brought to an end with his American tour, and he returned to Paris to study and to grow.

It is characteristic of Mr. Kreisler's intellectual quality that after these boyhood triumphs, and as he was emerging into man's estate, his father, who is a physician, remarked to him once, "Well, after all, you are only a musician; you don't know anything!" The sting hurt, and as a result of it the boy dropped his music entirely for two years, entered the Gymnasium and studied hard, and gained a diploma for the substantial acquirements he showed there. Perhaps it is needless to say that his art, when he took it up again, was the gainer thereby. He returned to America in 1900 as a mature artist, and again came in 1902 and 1904. He arrived on his present visit last January. At every reappearance he showed a steady advance in his artistic powers, and he now stands among the greatest of musicians. His reputation in Europe has grown enormously, and it is founded on the highest kind of achievement. Depth of feeling, poetic insight, repose, largeness of view, are his; and especially is his playing characterized by a splendid virility; health and strength are in it, the glow of an ardent temperament and a contagious enthusiasm. Few violinists have so unerring a technique as his, and few can traverse with so unfailing certainty the heaped-up difficulties of such works as the concertos of Tschaïkowsky and Brahms. But technical mastery with him is but a means to an end. If there ever was any of the dross of virtuosoship in Mr. Kreisler's artistic nature, he has purified himself of it, and he stands now as an exemplar of consummate artistry, intensely human and pulsing with warm blood, but governed by the highest ideals and the noblest and purest taste. No period or style is a stranger to him; but, with the obviously modern and romantic tendencies of his nature, his predilection for the music of the older masters of the violin is especially notable, and with it the poise and repose that that music demands. The indefinable quality of "style" Mr. Kreisler possesses in an uncommon degree; and it is as evident in his profoundly beautiful playing of Bach's music as it is in his playing of the lesser music of Couperin, Pugnani, Porpora, Leclair, Francœur, Tartini, and others of that period, in which he contrives to gain a point and a special significance that wholly avoid the monotony into which this music can so easily be made to fall for modern ears. He is at home, too, in the facile brilliancy of the modern composers; but for many the climax of his achievements is to be found in his magnificent performance of Brahms's colossal concerto, in which he so triumphantly refutes the old slur that it is "a concerto against the violin."



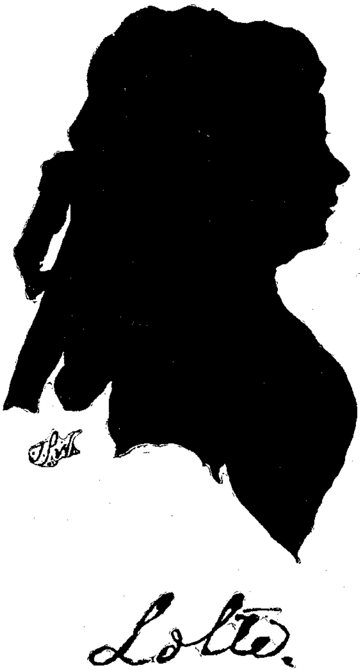
JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER
From the portrait by Jugemann

The Personality of Schiller

By J. Perry Worden, Ph.D. (Halle)

JOHANN CHRISTOPH FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER, who died just a century ago (May 9, 1805), was born almost amid the roar of artillery and the clash of arms, at Marbach, Würtemberg, on November 10, 1759, the same year which gave Burns to the troubled world. Strangely enough, it was the anniversary of Luther's birth; but neither burger nor statesman noted the coming of a new champion of liberty. Schiller's father was but an army surgeon and barber, unable for years to draw a thaler of the salary he slaved for in the service of his unscrupulous Duke; his mother was but the daughter of a country innkeeper, accustomed to the ways of simple folk. The last dream, therefore, likely to elate either Caspar or Elizabetha Schiller would have been that the faint spark in their frail babe should some day blaze the guiding star of a groping and grateful country.

Humble and impoverished, however, as were the parents of Schiller, they possessed some noble virtues which contributed in no small degree to the building of the poet. The father, a severely pious and unselfish man, though barred from home for years by war, pondered on the future of the child, and planned to school him well. The mother, dutiful and true, kept little Fritz close to her tender heart and taught him those household virtues which later he sang in his charming "Lied von der Glocke." To all her children Frau Schiller was a haven in time of storm, and if they were conscious of doing wrong, they confessed to her first, that she might punish them herself and avert their father's wrath. She inspired Fritz also with a feeling of religion, in daily walks storing his receptive mind with Bible lore. "It was a beautiful Easter Monday," writes Schiller's sister Christophine of one of these outdoor strolls and talks, "and our mother related to us the story of the two disciples, to whom, on their way to Emmaus, Jesus had joined himself. Her speech and narrative grew more and more inspired, and when we got upon the hill we were all so much affected that we knelt down and prayed." Science need not tell us why Schiller inherited the physical features of his mother and her character as well.



CHARLOTTE VON LENGEFELD

From a silhouette of Schiller's wife made in her youth, sent in 1784 to a friend in Switzerland

A strange and abiding impression was made upon the boy Schiller by the theater at Ludwigsburg, which he saw while at the neighboring Latin school; but his former schoolmaster, Pastor Moser, in Lorch, had directed his curiosity to the ministry of the Church, and his devout father strove to advance him to that goal. A bitter disappointment, however, was in store for both father and son. Duke Karl established a military school at his castle Solitude, where in 1770 he had appointed Captain Schiller Master Forester, and soon he set his mark of approval on young Friedrich as a likely student whom he wanted for the law class in the Academy. In vain Schiller sought to save his son. The royal invitation was a libertine's command, and on January 16, 1773, the fourteen-year-old lad entered the military prison "with a chilblain," as the official record tells us, "an eruption of the scalp, fourteen Latin books, and forty-three kreuzers in money." The flickering candle of hope was suddenly quenched; yet out of the sixty thousand saplings which the veteran forester laid out in the parks and gardens of Würtemberg, none was to give such promise as that to which he and his sorrowing wife, in the following September, signed away all legal right.

Mr. Kuno Fischer, as quoted by Professor Thomas in his excellent new "Life and Works of Schiller," points out that the Academy's atmosphere of outward culture was just the environment needed by the village barber's son; but it is certain that the delicate, studious, and timid boy soon perceived deadly infections about him. Routed out of bed before the dawn of day, he was confronted at every turn by a monitor, who ordered him to put on his blue coat and white breeches, to pray, to eat, to work, and then to undress and pray again; while a more despotic master assigned to him academic tasks which modern pedagogy would brand as barbarous. Frequently, for example, he was compelled to criticise his fellow-students openly, at one time answering even the bald query, "Who is the meanest among you?" And every year he was required to laud his sovereign and the latter's mistress publicly, at the same time imparting to paper an estimate of his own character. Neither modesty nor self-respect failed him, however. "You will find me," he writes, "often over-hasty, often over-frivolous. You will hear that I am obstinate, passionate, and impatient; but you will also hear of my sincerity, my fidelity, and my good heart."

Tiring of law, and seeing no chance for entering the ministry, Schiller in 1775 took up the study of medicine by permission of the Duke, and reached eagerly after the coveted parchment. But again he felt the despot's power; his ambitious thesis was rejected and he was commanded to try again. Then it was in God's providence that his hidden, uneventful life touched that of one who, years later, was to stand forth with him proudly before the world as his most faithful and illustrious friend. On a state occasion in Stuttgart graced by Karl August and the famous young Goethe, the enslaved lad Schiller, after obsequiously kissing the garment of Karl's mistress, was given three prizes for skill in medicine, though denied a prize for proficiency in literature! In December, 1780, Schiller graduated from the Academy and was appointed Regimental Doctor for Stuttgart, at the paltry salary of seven dollars a month. He was forbidden to engage in private practice or to dress as a civilian, and his personal appearance, as described by a schoolmate, suggested anything but the coming poet or even the dramatist of "Wallenstein:"

Frid. Schiller

SCHILLER
From a silhouette made while he was in the Military Academy at Stuttgart

> Crushed into the stiff, tasteless old Prussian uniform, each of his temples was adorned with three stiff rolls, as if done with gypsum; a tiny three-cornered hat scarcely covered his crown; a thick, long pigtail was crammed with his slender neck into a very narrow horsehair stock; while a strip of felt, put under the white spatterdashes enriched by traces of shoeblacking, gave to the legs a bigger diameter than the thighs could boast of, squeezed as they were into their tight-fitting breeches. Hardly able even to bend his knees, the whole man moved like a stork.

For eight long years the unscrupulous Karl Eugene had tried to mold the barber's kidnapped son, denying him communication with parents or sisters except through censored letters, and now he thought to find in the struggling student but a crushed lackey subservient to his basest designs. It was the Duke's turn, however, to drink deep of the bitters he had so often proffered others, for before graduating Schiller had begun to cut his own swathe, justifying, no doubt, the witticism of a Stuttgart lady who said "Regimental Doctor Schiller steps out as if the Duke were one of his inferior servants!" Stirred to the depths of his soul by the stinging injustice done him, and gradually awakening to his literary strength, Schiller now protested against the political and social forces of the age in a wild, immature play called "Die Räuber," written by stealth, in which these words reveal his sense of orphanage:

> The whole world one family, with its Father above me, and that Father not *mine!* I alone the castaway, I alone struck out from the company of the just! Not for me is the sweet name of child, never for me the look of one I love!

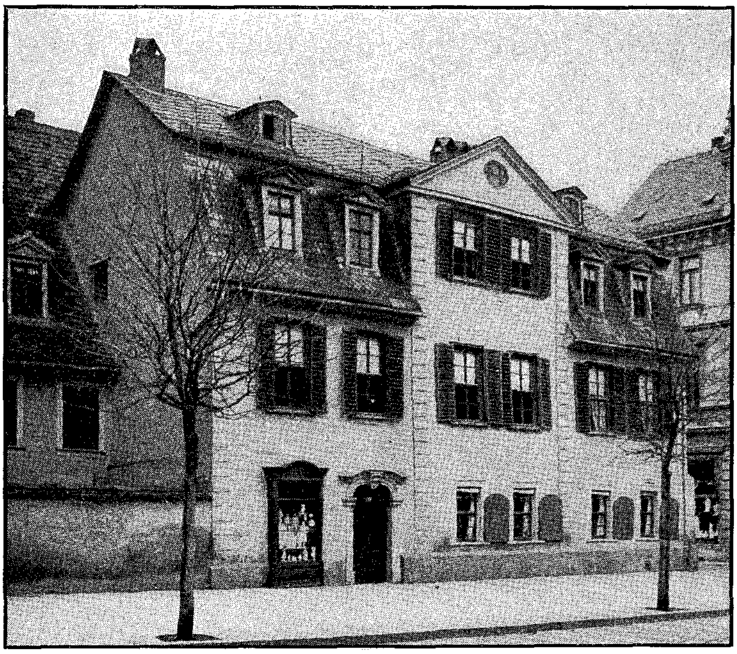
By smuggling out the manuscript, Schiller managed to get the play produced on the stage at Mannheim, and, by letting himself down with bedclothes from an upper window, he twice contrived to be present at the performances. For the first clandestine excursion he was reprimanded by the Duke; for the second he was imprisoned; and on the night of September 22, 1782, after a tearful parting with his mother and sisters, Schiller took French leave of his too paternal sovereign and made off again for Mannheim, where the theater seemed to promise him a certain future.

Among the few friends to whom Schiller confided his plan of deserting the Duke of Würtemberg was Frau Henriette von Wolzogen, who offered him a cottage at Bauerbach; and thither he repaired on finding that his hopes for Mannheim did not materialize. As Dr. Ritter he preserved his incognito fairly well, sedulously reporting that Schiller had gone to America. It was here, while writing "Kabale und Liebe," that he made the acquaintance of Reinwald, the Ducal Librarian at Meiningen, afterwards his unworthy brother-in-law, who wrote in his diary this prophecy of the young exile:

> To-day Schiller opened his heart to me—a youth who has already been through the school of life—and I found him worthy to be called my friend. He has an extraordinary mind, and I believe that Germany will, some day name his name with pride.

Through Frau von Wolzogen Schiller finally engaged for a year as theater poet at Mannheim; but eight months of intermittent fever, bringing a caustic reproof from his father for lack of medical attention to himself, so interfered with his stage services that he was set adrift again in the world. During the year, however, the Mannheim Theater produced the weak "Fiesco" and "Kabale und Liebe," the royalist Stage Director von Dalberg cutting out the lines describing realistically the exportation of hireling soldiers to America.

About the same time that Schiller was satirized in a Mannheim farce, making him loathe the town of his new adoption, he received from Leipsic an embroidered letter-case containing several letters of warm congratulation and four miniature portraits—two of young ladies—all sent by Gottfried Körner and his friends as a mark of esteem for the Swabian poet. Körner was a well-to-do young lawyer, for a while a privat-docent at the University of Leipsic, and later a practicing advocate in Dresden; and this generous act, followed by several gifts of money disguised as loans, drew Schiller, poor, but now of some fame, first to Leipsic and its summer suburb, Gohlis, and later to the inspiring Saxon capital. With expanded ideas of life he frequented Richter's coffee-house in Leipsic to study the people, and at Gohlis occupied an unpretentious little cottage, still shown as the



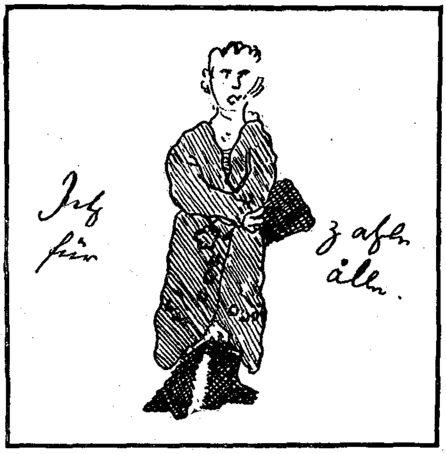
SCHILLER'S HOUSE AT WEIMAR

Photograph copyright, 1900, by J Perry Worden place where he wrote " An die Freude," or "The Song to Joy." Schiller composed his bubbling dithyramb, however, at Körner's home in Dresden, while ecstatic with a friendship never known to him before, and Körner set the song to music. Too much praise cannot be accorded this young Saxon aristocrat for his noble response to the half-starved poet's needs. For two years Schiller remained Körner's welcome guest, until, in July, 1787, longing for a more independent existence, encouraged by Karl August and the sympathetic Wieland, and fascinated still by Charlotte von Kalb, whom he had met at Mannheim, he set out for Thuringia and the classic town of Weimar, "hoping," he tells us, " once more to find a country."

SCHILLER'S BENCH IN THE PARK AT WEIMAR

Photograph copyright, 1900, by J. Perry Worden

The fame of " Don Carlos," though slow to reach Herder, aided Schiller in his introduction to the German Athens, and what was lacking Charlotte von Kalb and Frau von Stein endeavored to make good. Unfortunately, both the Duke and Goethe were absent from Weimar when Schiller arrived; and finally, when Goethe's half-spent life again touched that of the young Swabian at the home of Schiller's future wife, the second Charlotte, Goethe saw in Schiller only the raving author of " Die Räuber." Nor was the situation improved by Schiller's frank criticism of Goethe's " Egmont;" and for six years both poets exchanged but formal courtesy, though Goethe, as Privy Councilor, procured Schiller's appointment to a lectureship, without salary, at the University of Jena. Meanwhile, by hard work, Schiller had increased his fame as an absorbing lecturer and writer on history, discouraged, it is true, by the falling off in his auditors when they were required to pay, but encouraged by an allowance of two hundred thalers a year from the Duke, solicited for him by Frau von Stein. He had married sweet Charlotte von Lengefeld, the idol of the German people, entering upon the most delightful cycle of his life; and he had so overworked that he was forced to resign his professorship and give up all hope of writing himself free from debt. Lowering were the heavens, but yesterday roseate and cheering, his devoted young wife, also broken in health, only adding to his torture, until from the northern sky streamed a ray of hope.



"KÖRNER TRAVELING"

A sketch made by Schiller, with the legend written by the artist, "I will pay for everybody," referring to Körner's footing all the bills

From little Denmark, Count Schimmelmann and the Duke of Holstein-Augustenberg, enthused by the Danish author Baggesen, sent Schiller a pension of a thousand thalers a year for three years; and, burying himself in Kant, Schiller returned to his native Swabia, revisiting the military academy from which he had once absconded, and his aged parents, whom he had not seen for ten years. On this journey, at Stuttgart, Schiller sat for the well-known bust by Dannecker, already a renowned sculptor, and once his fellow-student at the military school.

Schiller's wooing of the aristocratic Charlotte von Lengefeld was the last and the happiest in a series of love adventures stretching through the earlier years of his life. In 1782 we find him apparently falling in love with his piano-playing landlady, Frau Luise Vischer, in Stuttgart, to whom he addresses his "Lauralieder;" somewhat later, in Frankfort, he meets Sophie Albrecht, a weeping-willow poetess, of whom he writes:

> In the very first hours a firm and warm attachment sprang up between us; our souls understood each other. I am glad and proud that she loves me, and I promise myself divine days in her society.

In 1783 he sets his affections on Lotte von Wolzogen, the seventeen-year-old daughter of Frau von Wolzogen, his friend at Bauerbach; in 1784 he burns Platonic incense to Charlotte von Kalb, the lone-hearted wife of Baron de Kalb, who becomes to him for a while what Frau von Stein was to the young Goethe; a year later he applies for the hand of Margaret Schwann, daughter of Kammerrath Christian Schwann, the bookseller; in 1785, at a ball in Leipsic, he is half consumed by a new flame, Henriette von Arnim; while in 1787, at Weimar, he is so matrimonially bent that on November 19 he writes of Wieland's daughter: "I do not know the girl at all, but I would ask for her to-day if I thought that I deserved her." In Lotte von Lengefeld, however, affectionate and intellectual, Schiller realized his highest domestic bliss. He first met her in 1785, and in February, 1788—a month after he had written Körner, "I must have a creature about me who belongs to me"—he begins to correspond with her. Charlotte secures lodgings for Schiller in neighboring Volkstedt, and Caroline says of his calls:

> When we saw him coming to our home in the shimmer of the sunset, a high ideal life disclosed itself to our inner sense. In listening to him one walked as among the changeless stars of heaven and the flowers on earth.

In this delightful circle Schiller first reads Homer, and the Greek bard soon permeates the perfumed notes that pass across the valley between the longing lovers. Lotte, as Boyesen tells us, writes to Schiller:

> Good-morning, dear friend! I hope that when the rosy-fingered dawn awoke, you were still slumbering quietly, and that your indisposition may not last long. I thought early this morning that I would willingly have sacrificed a night's sleep, and rejoiced when the sun found me sleepless, if you could have rested in return. But I have spent a good long time in my daintily timbered bed. I invite you to come and dine with us to-day on dumplings. Mother says that this dish will not disagree with you, and it does not call for any exertion of the teeth. You may spend the day quietly on the sofa, and we will see if Heaven will inspire us with something bright to say.

And Schiller, in form equally Homeric, replies:

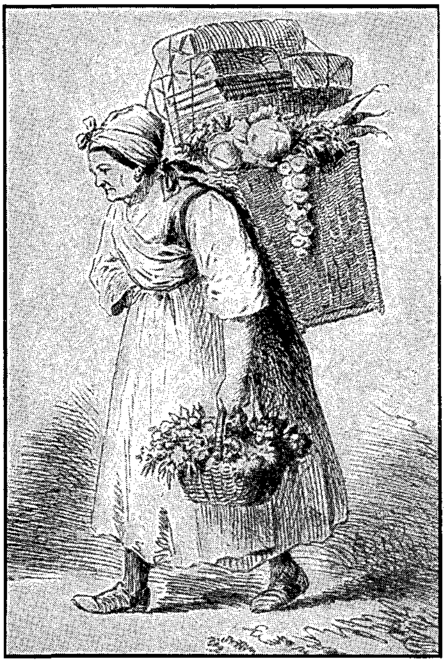
> How did you sleep during the night in your dainty bed? Did sweet sleep visit your gracious eyelids? Tell me this in a few winged words. What is your sister doing? Are the slippers clattering about her grace-

> ful feet, or is she yet lying on the soft, beautifully smoothed bed?

Finally, in the summer of 1789, Schiller tells Caroline of his love for Lotte, Caroline assures Schiller that his passion is not in vain, and Lotte sets the wooer's heart at rest by the sweetest of all letters of sacred betrothal:

> The thought that I can contribute to your happiness stands bright and radiant before my soul. If faithful, heartfelt love and friendship can accomplish this, then the warm wish of my heart to see you happy will be fulfilled.

On February 22, 1790, Schiller and Lotte were married in the little church still nestling in the valley at Wenigenjena.



CHRISTINE WENZEL

The Botenfrau or messenger who carried letters for Goethe and Schiller

The subsequent years of Schiller's life were passed in or near Weimar, enjoying with the maturer Goethe a frank and cordial communion of heart and soul such as the annals of literature nowhere else record. It is true that Schiller's mother died on the very day on which he moved into the modest house at Weimar, now regarded with such reverence by the good people of that hallowed town, and that shattered health, like a grim specter, dogged his path thereafter; but step by step he contended his ground with Death, and soon an accidental exchange of views put the two great thinkers in inmost accord. Almost within a day their friendship, for which years of adversity had schooled Schiller, rounded to completeness, and a thousand letters—many despatched with books in the vegetable basket of Christine Wenzel, the *Botenfrau*—and long visits at Weimar and Jena, when Goethe was first Schiller's host and then his guest, show pathetically their almost vain endeavors to atone for lost years, and a common interest that never flagged until the younger poet died. From his æsthetic studies Goethe won Schiller back to poetry and the drama, and repeatedly inspired him to greater production and nobler attainment; and Schiller in turn gave to Goethe all the rejuvenating force of his ardent soul. With Goethe he wrote play after play; with Goethe, too, he supervised their rehearsals by professional and amateur actors at his own home, in Goethe's garden, or on the lawns at Belvedere or Tiefurt; while as the real stage director Schiller stood shoulder to shoulder with Goethe in elevating to first rank the little court theater at Weimar before whose simple façade later Rietschl's genius was to sculpture him hand in hand with Goethe. Together Goethe and Schiller sent their Xenien darts against their dull opponents in the outside world; together they received Mme. de Staël, the "whirlwind in petticoats," whose prolonged visit Schiller found "suffocating;" and together, as friendly rivals at Karl August's humble but brilliant court they worked in noblest emulation, Goethe writing his "Wilhelm Meister," "Hermann und Dorothea," and parts of the "Faust," and Schiller composing "Das Lied von der Glocke," "Wallenstein," "Die Jungfrau von Orleans," "Die Braut von Messina," and "Wilhelm Tell." And here in Weimar, on May 9, 1805, after gloriously requiting the prince who had welcomed and held him, Schiller passed away, at the age of forty-six, none the less beloved by his fellow-citizens than everywhere hailed as the star of his struggling nation.

During a bleak spring when he had several times fought the Destroyer, and while Goethe was stretched on a bed of sickness, Schiller came home one night from the theater in a violent fever which soon turned to delirium. All that love and the limited medical skill of the times could accomplish was offered in vain; once or twice only the clouds parted, and through the rifts Schiller perceived his sorrowing wife and friends; and then it was that he called for his youngest child, Emily, and, taking her tenderly by her tiny hand, buried himself weeping on the pillow of his box-like bed. Finally the poet asked to see the sun once more; the curtain was drawn aside, and he gazed for the last time on the fading world without; he tried to speak, but his tongue would no longer respond to the tender thought portrayed in his wan and haggard face; kind "Nature received his farewell and he died." A few hours later, by the soft light of the moon, his emaciated form, in which nearly every vital organ had become deranged, was borne by fellow-townsmen to the neighboring churchyard. There, in time, the bones were strangely strewn about; the skull was found and reverently displayed in the town library, evoking Goethe's characteristic lines, until at last the sacred remains were collected and deposited in the ducal vault at Weimar, side by side with those of Goethe and Karl August.

Schiller's early demise was due not only to a naturally weak constitution, but to indiscretion, poverty, and overwork. Although, in a letter of April 24, 1785, to Bookseller Schwann, he declares that he had once "studied medicine *con amore*," and avows his purpose of returning to practice, Schiller demonstrated repeatedly his ignorance of the subject and his inability to care for his own health. Buoyed by lofty sentiments, glad to find pleasure in his work, and of a nature driving him forward to perpetual activity, he liked to be alone, where he could give way to powerful emotion; and even while the guest of Körner in Dresden he devoted the better part of his nights to study. This sapping habit, continued in health and in sickness, grew upon him until, at Jena and Weimar, Schiller gave the day to reading, to walking in the parks—he had a favorite park bench at Weimar, near the Ilm—and to conversing or corresponding with friends, while he studied or composed in the quiet of the night. Sublime thought then exhilarated him; and what cheated Nature further demanded he tried to supply through strong coffee, wine-chocolate, old Rhenish, the aroma of rotten apples hoarded in a half-open drawer, or cool water kept beneath his desk in a tub, into which he thrust his feet for hours!

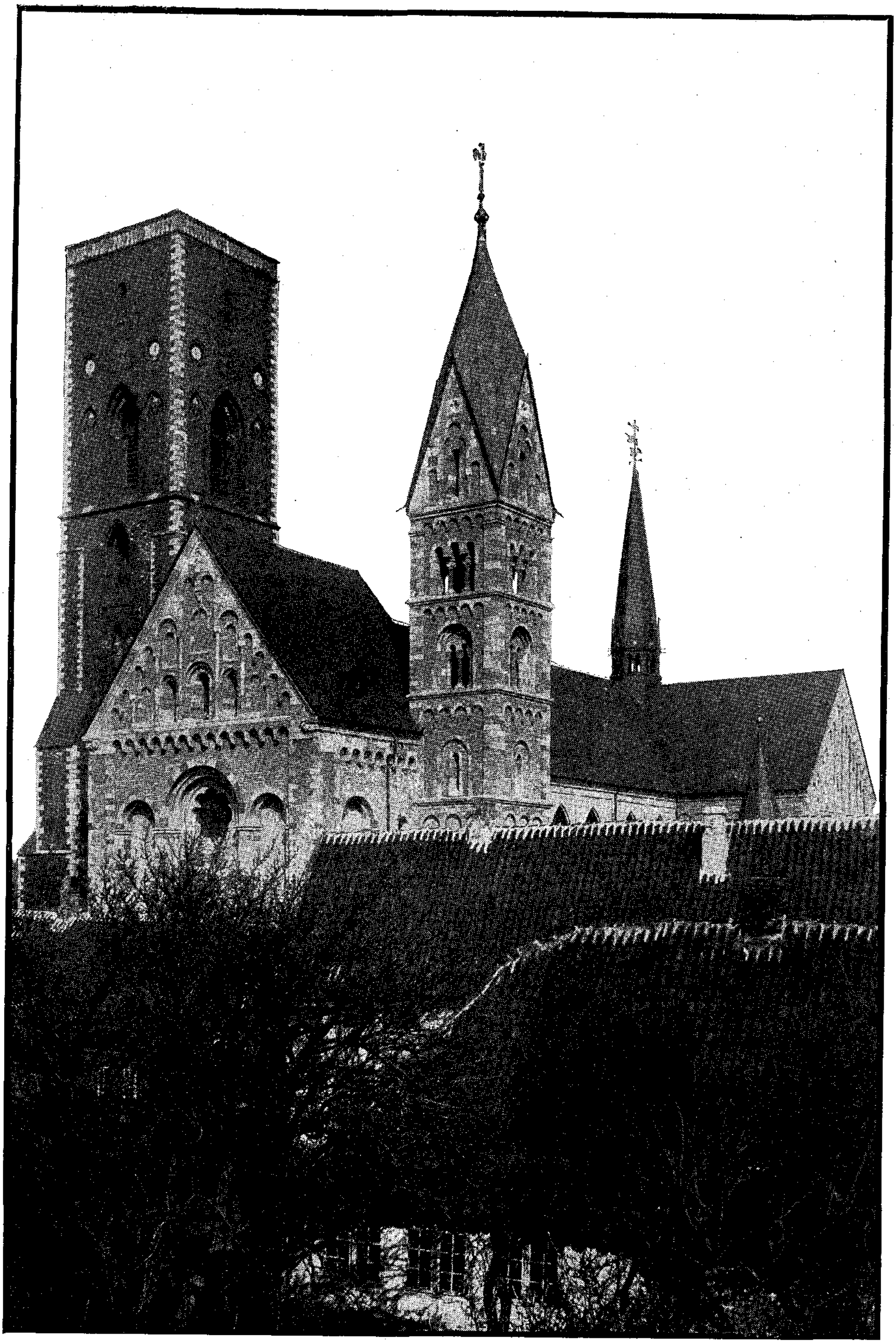
In this erratic reversal of human habits, however, it must not be supposed that Schiller was not in the fullest sense a domestic man. As a boy prisoner in the military school, he was denied the pleasures of home, and a harsh fate drove him hither and thither for years afterward like a wrecked spar on a troubled sea; but there never faded from his vision that high domestic ideal he was so long in attaining, and which he hints at in an amusing letter to Huber, written just prior to removing to Leipsic in 1785:

> In my new establishment at Leipsic I purpose to avoid one error, which has plagued me a good deal here in Mannheim. It is this: no longer to conduct my own housekeeping, and also no longer to live alone. The former is not by any means a business I excel in. It costs me less to execute a whole conspiracy in five acts than to settle my domestic arrangements for a week. My mind is drawn different ways: I fall headlong out of my ideal world if a stocking with a hole in it remind me of the real world.

When at last Schiller enjoyed the home circle so dear to every German heart, there was no happier husband in the town of Weimar; he proclaimed the sanctity of the home, refusing ever to recognize Christiane Vulpius as the wife of Goethe, and tradition says that in leisure moments he gave himself up to his several children like a rollicking school-boy, lying on his back on the floor while they climbed upon him, or rolling over and over with them under the table and chairs. At such times, or in private conversation with his friends, Schiller was at his best; and when he did emerge from his humble dwelling in Weimar it was to hurry along the street awkwardly, so absorbed in thought that, if hailed by any one, he clutched at his hat nervously and answered only, "Guten Tag!" He was, however, very cordial toward the actors at the Weimar Theater, and, after successful presentations of his plays, entertained them late at supper in the Rathhaus.

As a poet and dramatist Schiller merited all the plaudits of the world, and in fullest measure he deserved its esteem as a man. From boyhood to death he honored his parents, maintaining an affectionate regard for his stern father, to whom he sent his manuscripts on their way to press, and ordering the publisher Cotta to relieve his forsaken mother, quarantined by the pest, of whom years later he writes to his sister: "It comforts and composes me to keep the dear image of my mother living before me." To his sisters—Nanette, carried off in her teens by the plague; Christophine, his devoted biographer; and Luise, the object of his tender letter dated Weimar, March 27, 1805—he was more than a brother, finding in them apparently all the worth he attributes to woman in the beautiful Amalia of "Die Räuber," the mild Leonora in "Fiesco," the winsome Elizabeth in "Don Carlos," Tersky and the passionate Thekla in "Wallenstein," the pious "Maria Stuart," and the inspired "Jungfrau Johanna;" while toward Körner, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Cotta, Wieland, Herder, Karl August, Goethe, and his many other friends he was sincere and affectionate, telling a rival publisher who promised to outbid Cotta for the "Wallenstein," "Cotta deals steadily with me and I with him." He also twice refused offers made to draw him away from Karl August and Weimar—once to a Tübingen professorship tendered him by the son of his former master, Duke Karl of Würtemberg, and again to the court theater at the Prussian capital. No wonder, then, that Goethe in his lofty "Epilog" saw in Schiller something more than another immortal—the best of neighbors and friends; or that Dannecker found in "An die Freude," "Don Carlos," "Das Lied von der Glocke," and the "Philosophische Briefe" of his fellow-Swabian a colossal genius whose heart overflowed for humanity. Schiller indeed loved every struggling mortal; in him liberty expanded until the Alps rang with Tell's voice; and through bold letters of gold on the towering Mythenstein the patriot Switzer returns his love. The folly of violence, however, was to him clearly defined; and as naturally as he had planned an appeal to the French nation in behalf of Louis XVI., he recoiled from the dubious honor, accorded Washington also, of election to citizenship in the blood-stained Republic. Modesty was innate to Schiller's nature; he was indifferent to material prosperity; his dress and manners were plain and even homely; he patronized no princeling, though on enviable terms of intimacy with Karl August and his court; and he shrank from ostentation and public gaze, rebuking a young lawyer of Weimar who called out, "Bravo, Schiller!" from an adjoining box at the first evening of "Die Jungfrau von Orleans." Seeking to live the life he sang and preached in his poetry, Schiller stumbled, but he never fell; and when, at the summit of his highest intellectual attainments, in his most fruitful and happiest years, he wrestled again with Death and lost, he neither wavered nor feared. He had touched the cold waters of the Unknown Sea before, and the same sublime faith, the same invincible spirit, sustained him as when, on May 24, 1791, he wrote:

> I have more than once seen Death face to face, but my courage thereby has been strengthened!

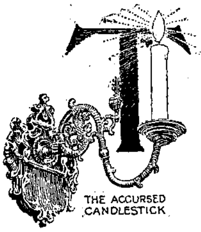


THE RIBE DOMKIRKE
As restored

OUR BEAUTIFUL SUMMER

BY

JACOB A. RIIS



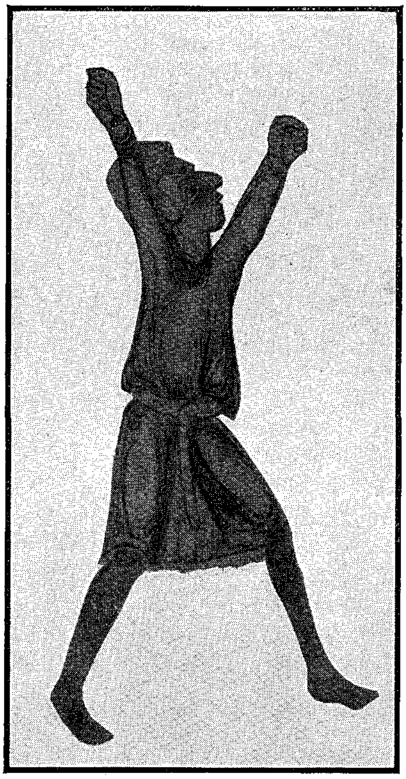
THE ACCURSED CANDLESTICK

To us it will always be "our beautiful summer," I expect, and, indeed, I fancy it will be so remembered throughout the Danish land. For the seasons there had suffered a sad decline since my boyhood days. Then the sun shone always in summer, the autumn days were ever mellow as the ripened nuts we shook from the hazel bushes, and in winter we skated from Christmas until the March winds woke the slumbering spring. At least so it seems to me now. They tell me that this generation of boys have almost forgotten the art of skating; that they do not know how to cut the figure 8, or the name of the girl they like best, in the ice, because there is no ice more than half the time; that in summer they have to hurry so between showers that all the fun is gone out of the haying. And as for the autumn, I am not likely to forget one that found me stranded there, sick and desolate; the long, wakeful nights I lay listening to the storm shaking my window and whistling through the cracks as if it were mocking my helplessness, with four thousand miles of tempestuous sea between me and home. I sailed them all in those night-watches, with never a rift in the pitiless gray skies, till I saw at last a coast lying golden in the sunset, and knew it from the way my heart leaped within me for the Blessed Isles where home was. It was then I learned that I, too, belonged here where my children were born.

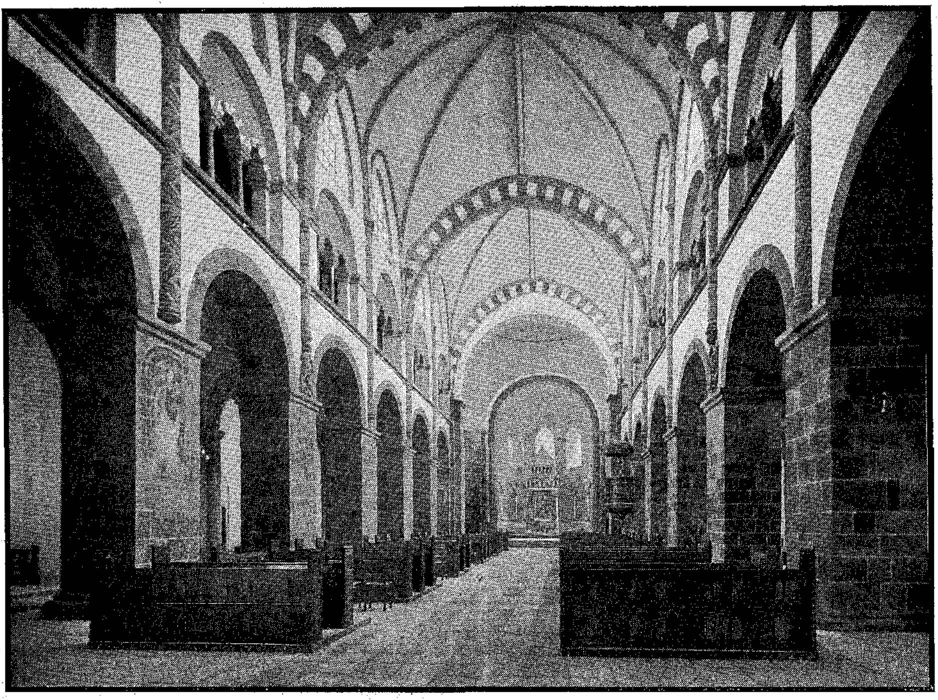
But this summer was one long holiday without a cloud. The sun set in yellow glory on that June day when we landed, hours after children should be in bed and asleep; but how could one ask it in reason, with the day, as it seemed, only half over? And it rose in undimmed splendor on the September morn that saw us wave tearful good-bys and sail away, past Hamlet's Castle and Elsinore, and leave our fairyland behind. We rode in on the hay-wagons, we saw the sheaves of golden grain stacked and housed. We watched day by day the stalks of Indian corn by the fountain in the King's Square grow ears as big as any in Kansas fields. They were flaunting great shocks of shining silk when we went away, to the admiration of the good people of Copenhagen, who were never tired of looking at the strange plant; and I, with the memories of Long Island strong upon me, was deep in a plot to teach that gardener how to make "hot corn," since ripen they would not, those ears, when my wife came along and wrecked that dinner and my reputation with one swoop by declaring that "they were not that kind, but common chicken-corn." I never knew until then that there was any difference. But, sweet-corn or chicken-feed, dinner or no dinner, it was truly a beautiful summer. All Denmark will bear me out in that.

We had gone, we old folk, to see once more the fields where we played when we were children, and to us there was in it the sadness of the long ago. To the young it was a joyous picnic; and many a time their laughter in the quiet streets, where ghosts walked in broad daylight to our sight at every turn, made us stop and listen wistfully. For in the old town nothing was changed. The stork stood one-legged upon the peak of the red-tiled roof, holding majestically aloof from the ways of men; and in the doorway the swallow hatched her young as of old. There was the broken pane in the transom I knew so well, to let her in, the right of way for which she paid in coin of sweetest song. I know they laughed at me for calling it song; but then they had not been away a lifetime. No mocking-bird or nightingale sings to my heart as does the house-swallow's cheery note. In it are summer and sunshine, and the blossoming lilacs, and the whisper of the breeze in the trees, the children calling to each other at their play. It is as the time I had sat through an hour of Christina Nilsson, missing something—I knew not what—in all the wealth of music, when all at once came "'Way Down upon the Suwanee River," and melted the icicles away. It is many years since, but the mist comes into my eyes at the thought of it. That is how the swallow sings to me in the streets of old Ribe.

Down in the river the white swans arched their necks as in the days that were, and the clatter of the mill-wheels by the dam came up with drowsy hum, heavy with the burden of the centuries. For Ribe was an old city when Christian bishops first preached peace to the savage North. In the wall of its great cathedral there is a stone that once bore the image of the earliest among them who fell before pagan arrows in the very meadow where we had our boyish games. The storms of many winters have nearly worn it away; but what reverent loyalty vainly sought to preserve, the bigotry of a day that thought itself wise as well as pious ignorantly achieved in commemoration of human hate. When they came to knock away the whitewash of the Reformation, put on to hide what sand and soap and acids could not efface (there are clear marks of their having been used to destroy the pictures of apostles and saints painted in Catholic days on the great granite pillars), there came to light, in one of the arches pointing toward the place of Bishop Leofdag's martyrdom, a strange figure in kilts with fists upraised in threat and curse, which presently was seen to be a heathen raging against the new day that dared rear a temple to the Christians' God upon the very site of the ancient sacrifices. The whitewash had kept it from decay. The recollection of it came over me with a rush of gratitude that the world is growing better and broader and all the time farther into the light, when, the other day, I sat in the beautiful chapel of the Leland Stanford University that was built "to the glory of God" and to no sect or set of mortals. Some one had told the organist that I was there, and upon the waves of soft music that floated out into the twilight hour there came snatches of a Danish hymn I had not heard since childhood, until twenty-five hundred men and women sang it in the old church the day we rededicated it, and this time "to the glory of God," with no wish to make reservation. Aye! let the heathen rage, within the sanctuary and without. It stands there despite them, witness that the light drives out darkness, love conquers hate.


"A STRANGE FIGURE IN KILTS WITH FISTS UPRAISED IN THREAT"

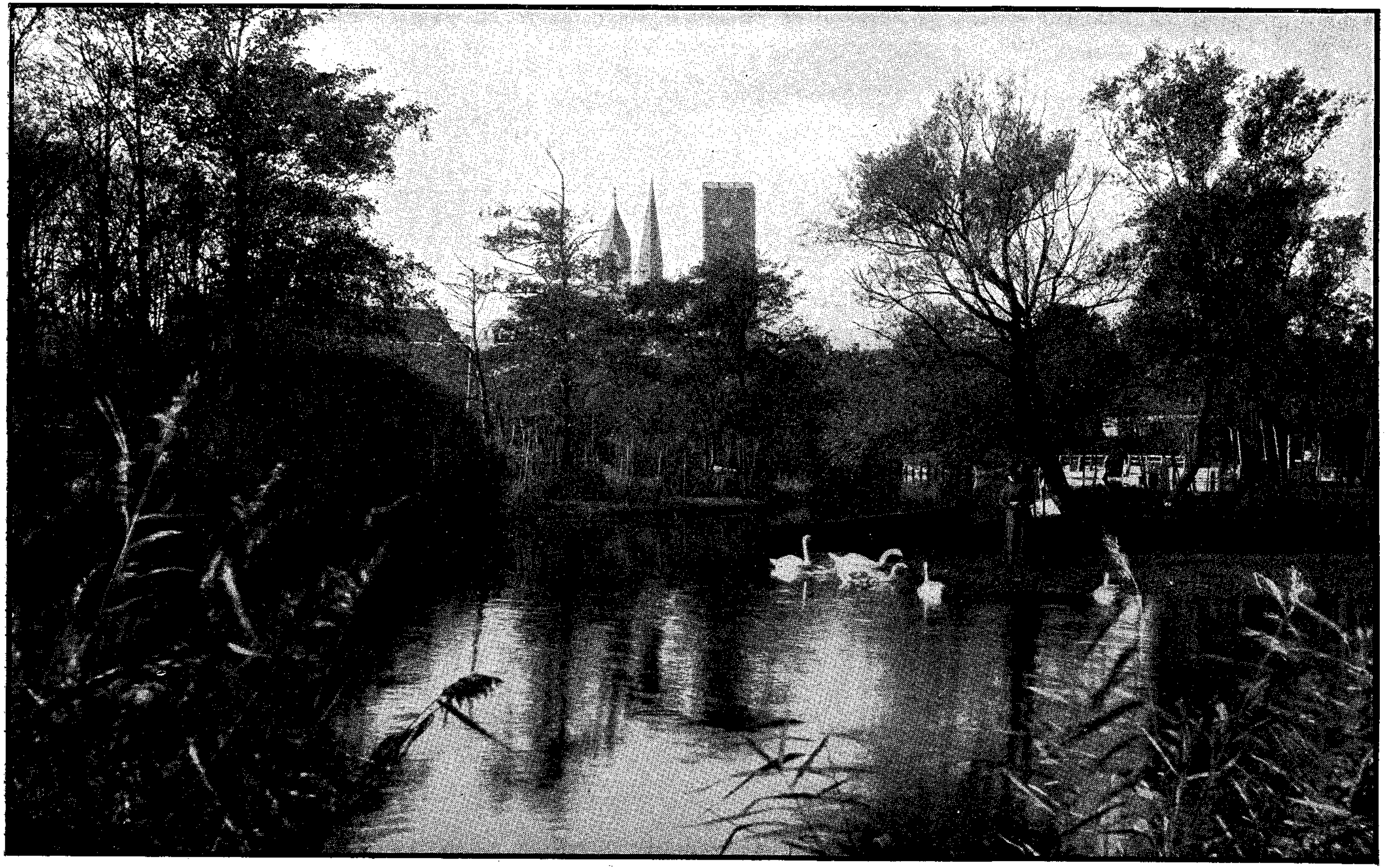
Eight hundred years the old Dom of Ribe had borne its testimony, when its crumbling walls gave warning that nothing that is of earth is imperishable, and now, after many years of labor, it stood



THE DOMKIRKE, WITHIN

restored. It was to its birthday we had come home. Morning, noon, and evening our steps turned toward it; and when at night the old town had settled down to its fireside chat, and only the organist was musing over the old hymns in his loft, my feet found the familiar paths. They needed no guide here, even where the shadows lay deepest. There was the pillar with the mark of the great flood that two hundred years ago at the Christmastide made ten thousand homes desolate upon the Danish coast. Though the Dom stands upon the highest spot in town, anciently called the mountain because it was at least ten feet above the level of the river, the water rose man-high within it. We boys used to measure up against the mark, and wonder if we would ever grow to be so tall. There was the oaken door with great bronze rings worn thin and light that bore their own testimony to those days and their ways. The powerful bishops who built the Dom and gave it renown were fighting men. It was the custom of their day. The one who laid its foundation fell in battle before the walls were fairly above ground. But at home they wore the miter, and knew how to make even the King hold his hand at the door of the sanctuary. To all men it was that literally; hence the worn rings. How many appealing hands had grasped them with despairing grip no one may ever tell; but this much is certain, that the appeal was not in vain. The iron hand was over the town gate, indeed, symbol of the rigor of human justice that demanded an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but at the church door a mightier was raised to stay it, at least until the case had been heard by the tribunal that claimed power to loose and to bind in the world to come as in the one that is.

The cat-head door, as we called it, because of the lions' heads wrought upon it, long since ceased to play other part than to frighten us children. It was nearest the altar, and, with that curious incongruity that in the popular superstition assigned to Satan an abode in the church when it was forsaken at night, we boys had been told how we could bring him out by walking thrice around the building and calling each time through the keyhole of that door, "Come



"THE SWANS ARCH THEIR NECKS IN THE LIMPID STREAM"
(See first page of "The Making of an American")

out!" The third time he would appear. I do not think any of us believed it; but many a dark night—it was only at such times that speech was to be had with his Satanic Majesty—I have made one of a party to test the power of the spell. We made the circuit of the Domkirke bravely enough twice, albeit we lagged a little on the second lap; but invariably when we approached the cat-head door on the third, a wild panic would seize us, and we ran as if the devil were after us in very truth.

Silly? Of course it was. But in Ribe it was bred in the bone. Barely within the door that held us in such terror, haven of refuge though it had once been, was the accursed candlestick with its blasphemous ban upon whoever should presume to move what some purse-proud burgher had hung there to celebrate his own littleness, persuading himself and his time, perhaps, that it was also to the glory of God. In such fashion had he succeeded that stories of how disaster had befallen when impious hands were stretched forth to touch it were whispered yet in my school-days. The sexton had fallen from the ladder—the architect had died suddenly, etc. Silly, certainly. But with every spade-thrust in the earth disclosing forgotten cemeteries, buried cloister walls and secret burrows; with the watchmen at night droning forth their chants of five hundred years ago in the dark shadows of the Domkirke; with the deep voice of its bell counting the hours, the bell that hung in the great tower when men went to war clad in iron—and little else they did in that country in those days; with the very street names proclaiming the past on every hand—Black Friar Street, Grey Friar Street, Priest Street, Bishop Street, Monk Street, Cloister Street, Castle Street—mere names now, it is true, but eloquent of things long dead—why, the wonder was, not that we were still so little, but rather that we had grown so big in our world ghosts.

To one they had put up a marble tablet since I was a boy. There it was, set in the wall of the old house:

> Here lived the tailor Laurids Splid, whose poor wife, Maren, on November the 9th, 1641, was burned for witchcraft on the gallows hill.

A hundred years after the Reformation! Was there a maniac epidemic that swept the world and swept men's reason away, as the Black Death did their lives in that fatal century? Fifty years later still they hanged the witches at Salem, Massachusetts. They did not burn them, so I was informed once when I fell into the error by a scandalized citizen of that righteous commonwealth. They were not savages, he would have me know. The Ribe Christians had some bowels too. They tied a pound of powder on the woman's back before they flung her into the fire, and so cut her sufferings short. Surely the devil came out of his hiding-place that day and helped feed the fire. The house in which Maren lived stands unchanged, except for a coat of paint, across the way from the jail. She confessed, is the record. Oh, yes! the seventeenth century had not forgotten the ways of the Inquisition, any more than the twentieth has the fire when its passions are aroused, though the merciful pound of powder is left out. Perhaps it was a coincidence, but there was no swallow's nest in that hall, with hungry mouths of little ones gaping to be fed, and no peaceful stork upon the roof. Even the rats shunned it: a weasel lived in the attic.

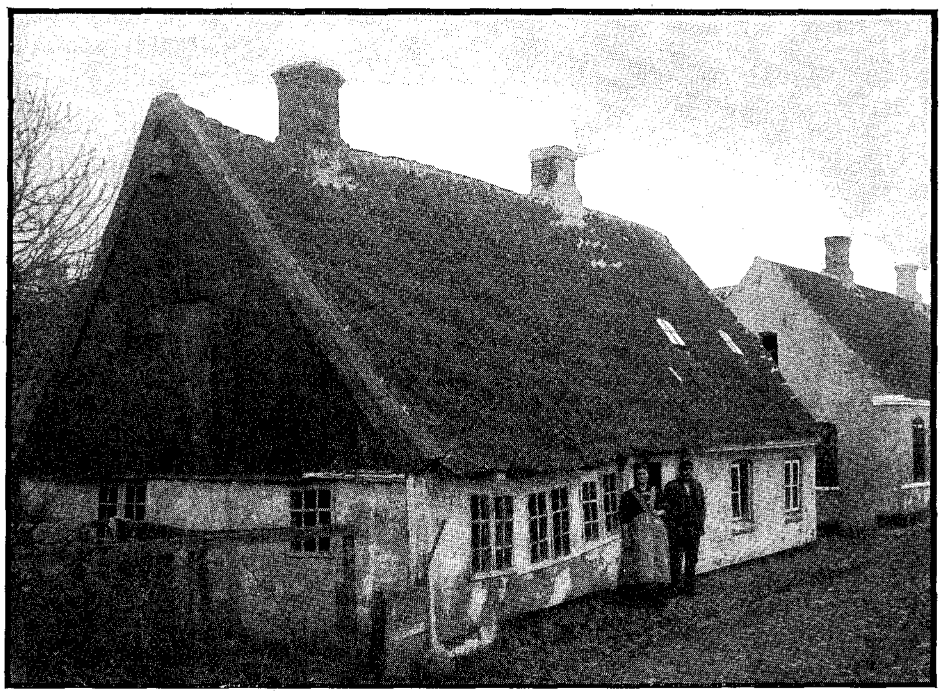
Poor Maren's travail was brief, let us hope. Down the street there lived a man with whom it went through a life rich in benediction to his kind. A bishop was he, and a singer whose songs will live as long as the Danish tongue. He sang of human sorrow and travail and of the land yonder where the tears are wiped away, until one who did not know went to him once with a sneer. Easy for him to speak of trouble who had none—rich, well housed, all his lines cast in pleasant places! Bishop Brorson heard him out with a sad little smile.

"Come with me," he beckoned, when he had done, and led the way to the top story of the house. There, in a room made strong with iron bars, sat his son, caged like a wild beast, a raving maniac.

"There," he said, with a sigh that must have seared the man's soul to his dying day—"there is my trouble." The mark of the bars is there yet—there were no insane asylums in those days—but the good bishop's troubles are long over.

So I wandered, and whithersoever I strayed, back to the Dom I came and lingered there. There was the seat in which She sat, in her fair girlhood, during the long Sunday sermons, while I was banished to the "men's side" across the aisle. Yonder the door through which we had come in together on the day of our betrothal, when the doing gave notice to all the world forever after to hold its peace; and down this aisle we had walked, hand in hand, with the old parson's blessing in our ears and our hearts, out into the world that had suddenly become glorified. And now, across the Square, there hung from a window she and I both well knew, the flag of freedom and of hope under which we were growing old together. I wanted it so that when we came back we should be within sight of the Domkirke and as near to it as might be. For the church is as much part of my life as is the memory of my father and mother. Indeed, it is a big part of the life of the old town, all of its past and more than half of the present.

With might and main did we wave our flag when the King came. For days the silent street had echoed with the tramp of troops come from far-off garrison towns to receive him. The children stared; they had never seen soldiers. In us of the past generation it touched a wound that ached still. Forty years had not made us forget those winter nights of weary waiting for our beaten army on its way to the north, its face still to the foe that followed fast. That spring we saw our country cut in twain and a wall of bayonets drawn between us and our brothers to the south. King Christian had not forgotten, either, the great tragedy of his and the nation's life. I saw it in his furrowed face as he looked up at old Dannebrog flying from the church tower. Perhaps he thought of the thousands of hungry eyes riveted upon it across the frontier. Up there at least the enemy could not reach it, though he tore it from their homes.



PLAIN RIBE FOLK AT HOME

But if the ghost sat at the banquet, no one gave any sign. In fact, no one did anything but run and shout for three whole days. It was Ribe's one chance to cheer its King, and it dropped all else and went at it with a rush. Fifty times a day the alarm was given, "Here they come!" and men, women, and children ran and swung their hats and cheered until they were red in the face. We too. My little boy had announced with republican dignity that "he guessed the President was more than any King," but when he saw the kind old face of King Christian he swung his flag and yelled louder than any of us.

"Gee! Mamma," he said, when it was over for the moment, "I didn't know it was like that. I just had to."

The very guard at the engine-house that was there to rush out and toot and present arms whenever one of the red-coated royal drivers came into view on the box of a coach, lost its bearings and turned out to salute a scarlet-clad letter-carrier in the twilight. That the bugler discovered his mistake, choked off his tune in the middle, and so took the whole town into the joke, was as it should be. We were in it, all of us, and, as young America remarked, "up to the neck!" All except the cows. They had been warned off the streets during the King's stay by police ordinance. Ordinarily they have the right of way, being taken back and forth twice a day, to and from the pasture. It is no uncommon thing in Ribe for the cows and the people to use the same doorway to the house in which they live. But now they must keep away three whole days. The police force of Ribe put the case to me convincingly:

"'Tain't only for the sake of the streets," he said; "we don't mind they're dirty; but s'pposin' they came up against the Bishop and the parsons paradin'—them cows is lawless beasts—they wouldn't let them pass, no more they wouldn't."

Hence their banishment and the singular pageant of numberless led cows, in charge of little boys, that paraded through the streets on the last day of their freedom. They wanted to see as much of the show as they could while they had the chance. And see it they did—greens, flags, flowers, and all. Into the very yard of our hotel I found one youngster leading his cow to see the tent they were putting up there for the overflow, and also the flag that Hans Petersen, or Peter Hansen, or somebody, had hoisted in his back yard where no one could see it but he himself. But then was he nobody? It was his chance to show his loyal good will, and he took it, as did all the rest of us.

KING CHRISTIAN COMING FROM THE CHURCH

The Crown Princess is in the background

The rising sun found an orchestra of bareheaded men on top of the church tower "blowing in" the festival with old hymn tunes, that all might hear and rejoice. That is one use the big tower is put to. Of another the fat stone balusters that hedge in its top give a hint under close scrutiny. Three or four of them have been replaced by wooden ones with copper skins. The old were shot away in a duel with the Swedes who had taken the castle in the seventeenth century and were pelted with cannon-balls from the tower. Truly, the Church militant! but the tower was built in the beginning for warfare. The centuries and the Church—perhaps also the modern artillery—tamed it slowly. As the day wore on, one excitement followed another. A big blow brewed in the west, and by the middle of the afternoon the North Sea itself came in to have a look at the King, too. Where the cows had been pastured suddenly there was water, and the royalties turned out, eager to see the famed "storm flood." But the wind died down, and the cows went back to their own. Night found the old town in a blaze of light. In every window of every house stood lighted candles; the river was alive with boats carrying colored lanterns and joyous singers. Above it all a black cloud of bewildered rooks flew with loud squawks from the old cloister to the Dom and back again, frightened out of their night's rest, and thinking, no doubt, that the end of the world had come.

Old King Christian had tears in his eyes when he arose at the banquet to thank his people, and so had we all of us when he broke down utterly and pleaded for patience "with an old man eighty-six years and over." And then he gave me the surprise of my life; for in the midst of it all he sent one of the gold-gallooned lackeys to tell me that he desired to drink to my health, and did. Now you may call me a snob, or anything else you like, I own that I was never so proud in all my days. For there sat my old townsmen with whom I had been, shall we say, just a bit off-color in spite of all, because I did not do according to the rules, but broke over the traces every way, and went off to America to do mercy knows what outlandish stunts in the way of earning a living. There they sat now, in their own town, and saw the King himself toast me before their very faces! I did think my measure was full when I beheld the President of the United States take my wife in to dinner in the White House—I know I nearly burst with pride in her and in him—but now, indeed, it was running over. In self-defense, lest I grow vain and foolish, I had to pinch myself, and remember the Iowa farmer who sized me up last winter. I met him going to one of my lectures, and when he found out that I was the man who was to speak, he looked me up and down, and passed verdict thus:

"Well, now, you never kin tell from lookin' at a toad how far he'll jump!"

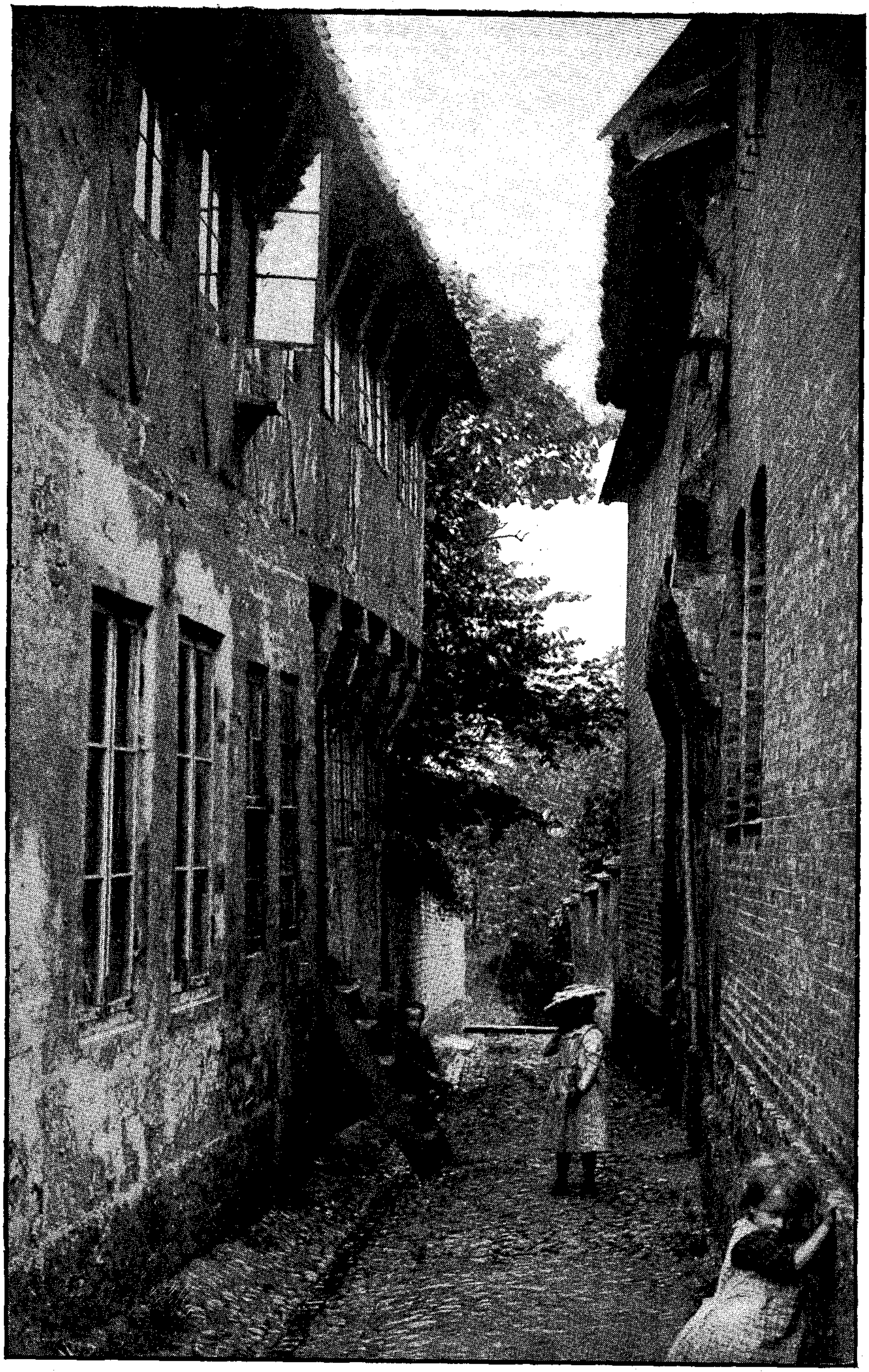
Back to the soil is the proper cure for the big head any day.

Now that I am back home I can speak of another surprise that befell, if the little people can be left out the while. They might not understand. It was when I looked my classmates from the Latin school over. There were fifteen of us, and the thirteen took the strait and narrow road. They were good and they prospered. Hans and I were the black sheep who perennially disputed the dunce's seat on the last bench, and disputed pretty much everything else. It seems that we never found time to learn for fighting, and no doubt the class felt it as a relief when we quit, out of season, Hans to go into business, where he belonged, I to learn a trade. And now, after a lifetime, what was my surprise to find that of the whole fifteen the only two whom the King had singled out for decoration with his much-coveted cross were—Hans and myself. The thing came to me with a stunning sensation when I saw the ribbon pinned on Hans's coat that day; and when we were together in his home at tea, it worked out into my consciousness.

"Hans," I said, "did it occur to you — —"

A motion of his hand stayed me. "Jim!" he called, sharply, "time you were at your lessons," and not until the door had closed upon the reluctant retreat of the son of the house did he turn to me with a twinkle in the eye!

"Yes," he said, "it did. We got



AN ALLEY THAT LEADS TO THE RIVER

through somehow, but on your life don't you let the boy hear. He is in it now."

All things come to an end, and this did too. When the King was gone and Ribe had settled down to talk it over, I had my chance of getting even for sundry little digs at my home across the seas that we had scored up. They will do it; it is in the blood. To the old country, when it is as old as Ribe, we shall remain, I suppose, to the end of time a lot of ex-savages, barely reclaimed from the woods and scalp-locks and such, and in the nature of things not made to last. It was at a social gathering, where the one all-absorbing topic was the Domkirke, that the worm turned. The walls would stand now a hundred years, some one said, and shot a pitying glance at me, that said as plainly as speech: "Your whole republic isn't much older than that, and where will it be in another hundred?" But I had been up in the roof of the church the day before with the boss carpenter to look at the big beams, and something there seemed familiar. To my question he nodded: Yes! he had bought the lot on the sea, a ship-load of American timber, pitch pine, and there it was. So I was not slow to rise to my friend's bait.

"And," I added, when I had told them, "your walls of old-world stone may stand a hundred years on your own showing; or give them two. But the carpenter told me that, barring accidents, there is no reason why the roof of American timber should not last a thousand and be as good as new." I think I scored.

But we bore no grudges. I owe them too much for that. The sun shone so brightly upon my mother's new-made grave, which hands of loving friends had garlanded with flowers against her boy's home-coming, the grass was so green and the thrush sang so sweetly in the hedge, that the sting went out also of that sorrow and only the promise remained. It is good to have lived, and though its days be mostly gray under northern skies, glad am I that mine were framed in the memories of the Old Town. We sought and found it together, She and I, the house in which I dreamed as a boy, in the street of the Black Friars. The window-pane was still there upon which I wrote "From here I can see Elisabeth's garden" beyond the river, heaven knows with what stylus to cut so deep. With a dozen little mouths to feed in our home, diamonds were not lying loose there. The trees have grown and shut garden and stream out of sight. But the river divides us no longer, and though the shadows lengthen and the frost is upon our heads, into our hearts it cannot come. Hand in hand we look trustfully across to that farther shore, to the land of the rising sun where we shall find what we vainly seek here: our youth in the long ago.

So we came home. I shall not soon forget the morning when, to the wondering sight of our thousand immigrants, the panorama of the great world city rose out of the deep. They crowded the rail of the steamer as it came slowly up through the Narrows. Clad in their holiday clothes, they stood in quiet groups, gazing silently toward the land, all the fun and the horse-play of the voyage gone out of them. To the jester of the steerage it was but a dull mood, and, thinking to cheer them, he leaped upon a chest and harangued the crowd, telling them in their own language that they were coming to a land where the golden rule read, "Do others or they will do you."

"Cheer up!" he shouted, "and let's have a song. Who can give us a jolly one?"

There was no answer. Till somewhere in the crowd a lone, far-away voice began a verse of an old Norwegian hymn and sang it to the end in a clear alto. There was a little uneasy laugh in the corner by the wheel-house, but as the singer went on, never faltering, here and there a voice fell in, and before he had come to the end of the second verse it swelled in one common strain—"On this our festal day." Everybody was singing. The jester had disappeared. He was forgotten, as they looked out, men and women, with folded hands, toward their Promised Land. I thought of my friend who fears for our democracy, and wished he were there to hear his answer. For it *was* the answer. Such as these have its hope in keeping.

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THEODORE P. SHONTS
Chairman of the Commission

The Builders of the Canal

"THE problem is that of attacking the barriers of nature with the greatest and most effective force, so distributed that the brigades will not get in the way of one another." This is the way the new effort that is being made to construct the Panama Canal is described by a high authority in the War Department.

Immediately on the adjournment of Congress without action on the bill providing for the reorganization of the Panama Canal Commission, President Roosevelt set about reorganizing it without legislation, because the old Commission had proved to be inefficient and unwieldy, and the President was not willing to let this great work wait longer on the will of two branches of the National Legislature that were unable to agree. He had to act under the statute authorizing the purchase of the Panama Canal, known as the Spooner Law. This required him to have a Commission of seven members, and he appointed that many men on the Commission, but he defined the duties and divided the work in such a manner that the really important operations on the Isthmus will be in the hands of three men. These are Theodore P. Shonts, the Chairman of the Commission; John F. Wallace, the Chief Engineer of the Canal, and Charles E. Magoon, the Governor of the Canal Zone, later to be appointed also to the position of Minister to the Republic of Panama. These are the three builders of the Canal. Mr. Harrod, Civil Engineer Endicott, of the navy, and General Hains and Colonel Ernst, of the army, are capable men, but

JOHN F. WALLACE
Chief Engineer

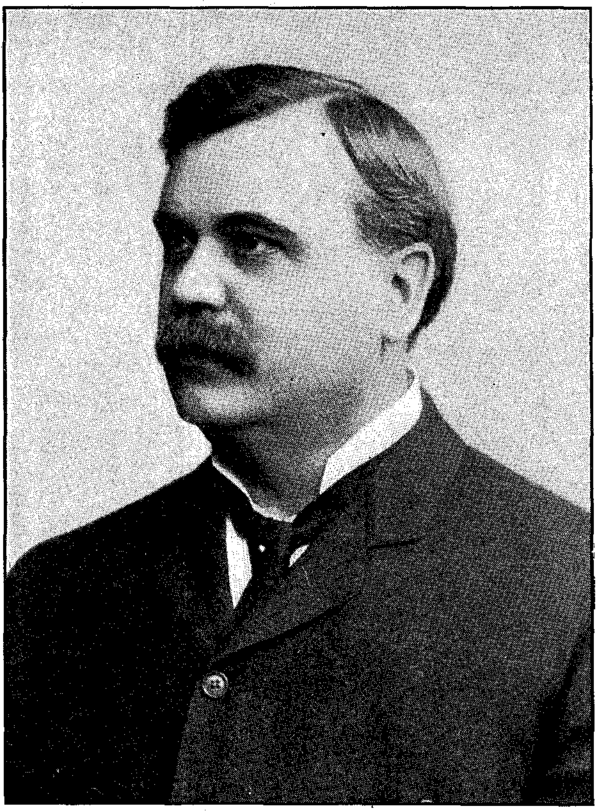
they will serve in little more than an advisory capacity.

President Roosevelt has been fortunate in obtaining the services, for the three lines of work into which the canal-building has been divided, of men who are young and strong, and at the same time experienced to a recognized degree, and temperamentally fitted for coping with difficult and perplexing problems.

Mr. Shonts, the head of the Commission, is a self-made man and a very capable railroad man. Railroad activities are very many-sided, but Mr. Shonts is said to have mastered most of them. He has started in on a railroad enterprise by obtaining the right of way. He has graded the road, laid the tracks, equipped it and then has operated it, filling the various positions of general superintendent, general manager, and president. Of the same system he has been in charge of the accounting or auditing department, and he has also been traffic manager. He has an income, outside of the $30,000 to be paid as his salary as Chairman of the Commission, which has been estimated by an intimate friend at $100,000. And he is but forty-nine years of age. To Mr. Shonts have been assigned the fiscal affairs of the Commission, which means that he will pay out all the money that is expended by this Government on the Canal. Thus in ten years' time Mr. Shonts is expected to disburse at least $200,000,000. He is to have charge of the purchase of all supplies and materials, is to control the audits of the work, and will direct the commercial operation of the Panama railroad and steamships in the United States. This means that Mr. Shonts will be, in addition to other things, the traffic manager of the freight route between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans via the Isthmus—a position of equal importance to the transcontinental railroads and the shippers of merchandise.

To Mr. Magoon has been assigned the control of the civil affairs in the Canal Zone, and this will also include the sanitation of the zone and the complete revolutionizing of health methods in the cities of Colon and Panama, which have for centuries been plague-spots. Judge Magoon is specially qualified for this post. He is a level-headed lawyer, who has the respect of such legal authorities as former Secretary of War Root and Secretary of War Taft. He has great tact in getting along peacefully with the Latin races, and has made his mark as legal adviser of the Insular Bureau of the War Department. He has made a study of colonial law, and is the author of a book on "The Law of Civil Government under Military Occupation," which is a standard. He came to Washington an obscure lawyer, with no reputation outside of the local courts of

Nebraska. On him fell the duty of deciding the status of the peoples in the Far East who had come to us with the treaty with Spain. He made his own researches, and wrote the famous opinion that the Constitution does not follow the flag, which was sustained by the Supreme Court of the United States. When he began his researches, he was of the opinion that the Constitution did follow the flag. Of this opinion Secretary Root said to Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin, when he handed it to him, "Here is what I believe will prove to be the greatest contribution to American law in the last fifteen years." Judge Magoon brings to his new work familiarity obtained by two visits to the Isthmus, and by a year's service as attorney for the old Panama Canal Commission.


CHARLES E. MAGOON
Governor of the Canal Zone

Having given Mr. Shonts full swing in his particular sphere, and made Mr. Magoon supreme as the lawgiver on the Isthmus, President Roosevelt has placed the actual construction and engineering in charge of John F. Wallace, who was the Chief Engineer under the old Commission. Mr. Wallace, when he was picked for Chief Engineer nearly a year ago, had already made his reputation as a civil engineer, having had complete charge of the digging of the great Chicago Drainage Canal. He astonished even experienced engineers by finishing this work within the specified time, and he did it at a low cost by bringing to the work the latest appliances and modern methods. He has also been Chief Engineer and Vice-President of the Illinois Central Railroad. There is only one matter about which Mr. Wallace will not be permitted to have absolute freedom of choice. He is in favor of a sea-level canal. But President Roosevelt is not going to permit such a momentous question to be settled by one man. The technical Commission of 1890 condemned the sea-level plan of De Lesseps, and reported in favor of a canal with locks. Since then engineering has been almost completely revolutionized, and Mr. Wallace believes that the Canal should go to sea-level. The President has decided to leave this question to a Commission of Nine, to be composed of the most eminent American and foreign engineers. But on all other engineering questions Mr. Wallace's judgment will be supreme, and he is enthusiastic about the ability of American genius to construct and maintain the Canal. Like the others who have been given full authority in their respective fields, Mr. Wallace is a comparatively young man. All these men will be expected to spend most of their time on the Isthmus of Panama, and their appointment may be regarded as marking the beginning of the epoch of energetic canal construction.

The City Sleeps

By Charles Mulford Robinson

The city sleeps and dreams, and dreams are sweet.
How dark and still the street!
At peace, the citizens all silent lie;
There is no restive eye;
The breath is calm, no hurried feet go by,
Night falls and rest is sweet.

The strife and struggle of the garish day,
The world of work and play,
The turmoil and the fighting—all is past.
Nor loves nor hates outlast
The wondrous shadow of the truce that's cast
When night puts all away—

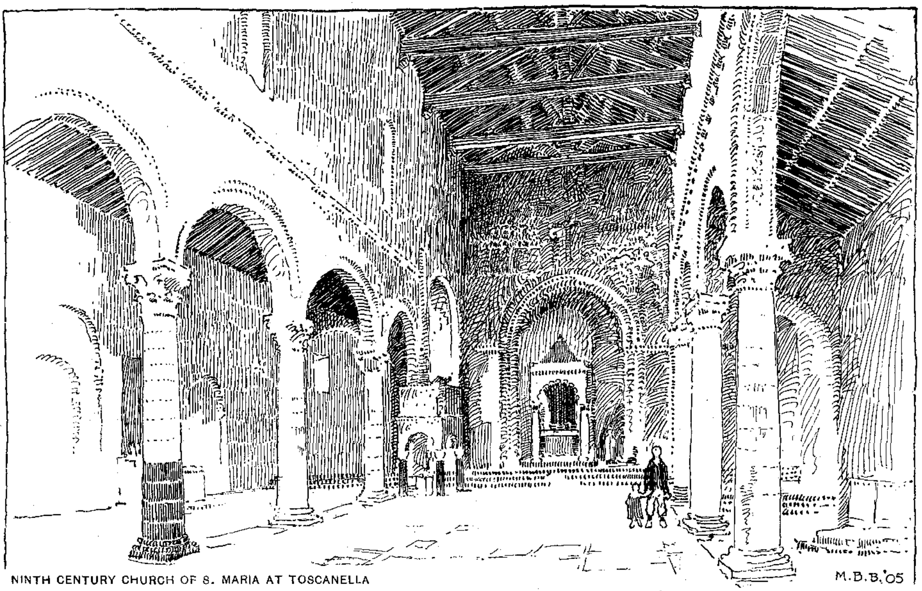
As if the citizens were only boys
Grown tired of tasks and toys,
And seeking loving mother's knee, that there,
With bedtime kiss and prayer,
They might forget the daylight's little care
And surfeiting of joys.

O peaceful stars, compassioning, watchful eyes,
Make low the lullabies
That in vast unison the planets sing;
Let them wake not, nor bring
Too soon the pitiless, mad dawn on wing
That, gleaming, stirs the skies!

And thou, pale moon, pass on with silent tread—
Thou'st seen the world to bed.
Do ye, mild winds, snuff out her little light
With big clouds, soft and white,
As she upon the sleeping world shuts tight
The door, her "good-night" said.

And ye black rivers, rolling to the sea,
Roll on most quietly,
Lest ye may wake the city, lying still,
Unconscious of the ill
Or good the morrow may bring forth to fill
Its cup—blest mystery!

And, last, O Father of the world, look down
With pity, not with frown,
And guard the city, proud and rich and great.
Forgot is its estate;
In childlike innocence, immaculate,
It sleeps—Thy Peace its crown!


NINTH CENTURY CHURCH OF S. MARIA AT TOSCANELLA

OLD AND NEW IN CHURCH BUILDING[1]

BY MAURICE B. BISCOE

THE fundamental principles in church building, whether in the fifth, the fifteenth, or the twentieth century, have always been the same. There have been modifications in theology and variations in forms of worship, but, broadly speaking, the purposes for which a Christian church is built have not changed. We are a little inclined to hasten to the conclusion that a modern church building, especially one in which the service employed is independent of fixed ritual, has little in common with the types developed by the experience of church-builders during the first fifteen centuries. It is true that we cannot hope to emulate the crowning efforts of these men as illustrated in the great cathedrals, for this is not, as yet, a cathedral-building age, but we can gain inspiration from these huge buildings and in the small churches find direct, intimate, and practical help. If we cannot embody cathedral ideas, we do want church ideas, and the ideas of those who knew how to build churches better than any one else who ever lived. The mediæval builders expressed Christianity as it was then and as it is now almost perfectly, though their buildings provided for and signified their particular form of worship. We must arrange for somewhat different customs, and the task of the modern church architect is to meet justly and logically these changes in usage and still retain the essence of that architecture which was wrought out by centuries of patient and continuous endeavor. We Americans do not need to be urged to the adoption of new ideas, for our eagerness for change is proverbial. Our architecture has in the past been marred by a struggle after something new, something "American," and by a lamentable ignorance or neglect of historical precedent. "It were good, therefore, that men in their innovations should follow the example of time itself, which indeed innovateth greatly, but

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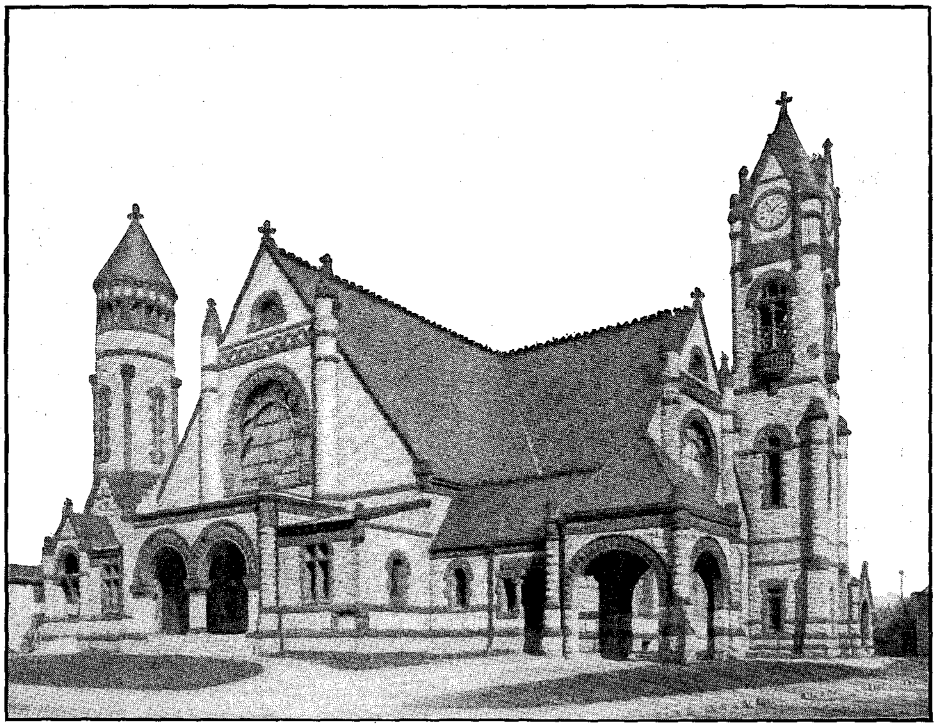
[1] An article by Mr. Biscoe, entitled "Some Essentials in Church Architecture," will be found in the April Magazine Number. A third article will complete the series.



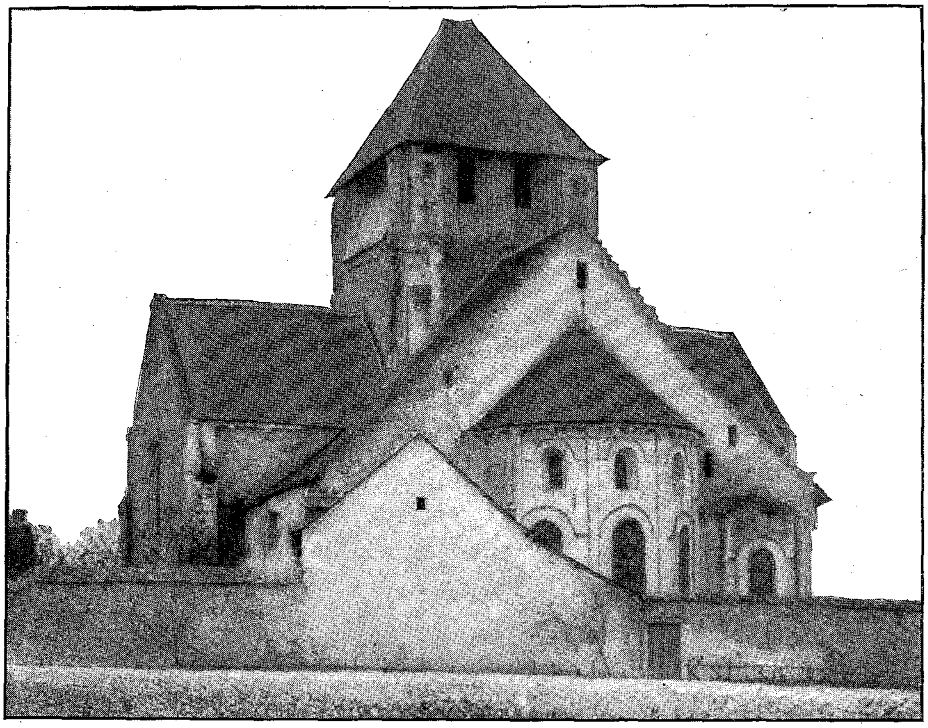
A MODERN AMERICAN CHURCH

A typical example whose crudeness of detail might have been avoided by careful consideration of historical precedent. In point of composition it is interesting to compare this building with the simple and restful mass of the incomplete church at Cormery

quietly and by degrees scarce to be perceived," says Francis Bacon; and no better application could be made of his wisdom than in our church architecture. It is surprising to see how ruthlessly the forms which for centuries have been associated with Christian architecture, and which in every one's mind are inseparably connected with the church, are discarded to make place for some novel arrangement which shall give a "modern" aspect to the building.

One of the principles of mediæval architecture was that, where accommodations were to be provided for a number of purposes more or less connected with the church, the church building should be an entirely independent structure, complete in itself. Rooms for schools, religious or otherwise, refectories, offices for the dispensation of charity or for religious work of any sort, were in separate buildings, closely connected with the church building but not crowding beneath its roof nor infringing on its exclusive unity. By the application of this principle a church becomes a unique building, a structure in but not of the world of its surrounding buildings. The church building of to-day can acquire appropriate dignity and monumental character only by following this rule and standing distinct and separate. A church must be a building, not a room within a building. The plan of having the Sunday-school room form a part of the church and separated only by sliding screens, or of including supplementary rooms under the church roof, is sure to detract from the religious quality of the building as well as from its architectural unity. The church should be the central, essential thing, with the auxiliary buildings ranging from it or clustered about it.

Any church building, new or old, is composed primarily of two parts—the space for the worshipers and that for the clergy. The larger part of the building is ordinarily given over to the use of the congregation, and, in addition to having suitable arrangements for providing warmth and ventilation and sufficient light for reading hymns or prayers, should be so arranged that the congregation can



CHURCH AT CORMERY, FRANCE

A Romanesque building of a simplicity which makes it impressive even although its tower is unfinished

see the clergy in important parts of the service and hear distinctly the spoken words. The view of the chancel that is required, however, is not such as one must have of the stage of a theater, where it is important that each movement and facial expression of the actor be distinctly and readily perceived by every spectator. In the latter case the seats are properly arranged around and in successive tiers before the stage. In the former the worshipers are gathered to take part in the service, certain of them, the clergy, occupying a raised position for the purpose of leading the rest in the service or of giving instructions from the pulpit. Happily for those who hold the church to be more than a lecture-room, the short life of the inclined church floor seems to be nearly over, and with it should go the plan of radiating seats. In the theater both features have been found desirable and suitable from the time of Greece and Rome to the present day. In the church they never have been considered good, and only when the service becomes a spectacle for people to go and see, but to take no part in, will the "auditorium" plan be logical. The anomalous and capricious practice introduced in some American churches of arranging the pews in semicircular form around a platform placed in the corner of a square room is hardly worthy of consideration. One would think that such a scheme would strike any intelligent man at once as incompatible with good ecclesiastical architecture. I should not have thought it worth while to mention any of these types were it not that a book recently came into my hands illustrating a dozen "Successful American Churches" in various parts of the country, among which there was not one that was not marred by one or more of these features.

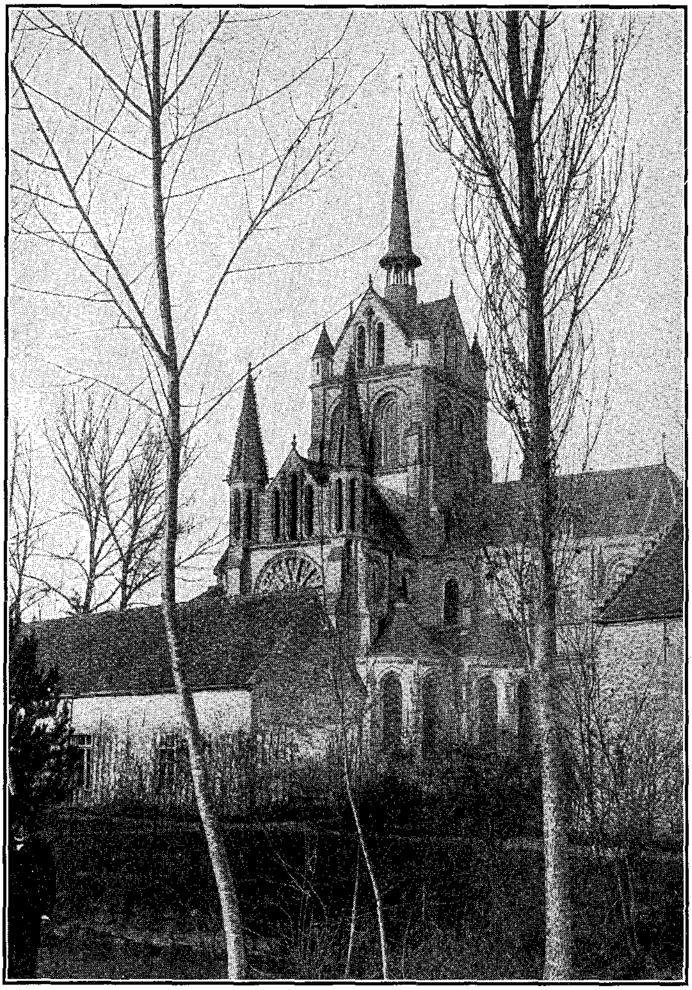
Several forms of space for worshipers have been found good in the past, and some of them meet modern requirements. For the small church, where the width is not too great to be effectively spanned by trusses from wall to wall, there is no form better than the simple rectangle, as in the church at Cambridge, Massachusetts, shown on another page. When, however, the church must seat more than a few hundred, it is often necessary to adopt a more complex scheme, in order to avoid having the building too long for those in the rear seats to hear well, or too wide to be of pleasing proportions. The mediæval plan of nave and aisles, like the church at Triel, France, is, unfortunately, not usually suitable for those of our churches in which the sermon is of considerable importance, because of the interference of the piers of the nave with the view of the pulpit. Architecturally effective and structurally good as the system is, it would be difficult to convince the people who sit behind a two-foot pier of its suitability to our needs. A certain class of problems, however, can be satisfactorily solved by a modification of this idea, whereby the aisles are narrowed to mere passages along the outer walls and give entrance to the pews, which are thus confined entirely to the nave.

The form of the cross with very short arms has the virtue of placing all the worshipers near the platform or chancel, and has been successfully applied, especially to churches of the Renaissance period. One of the best of these—that of St. Biagio, at Montepulciano—is here illustrated. It is an architectural necessity in such a building that the height should be considerable; for nothing could be less pleasing than a low roof covering a short nave and transepts. In the case of a large church, when the rectangular plan would be too long, the addition of transepts forming a Latin cross, or the Greek-cross plan, becomes necessary. In small churches, where such conditions do not occur, transepts had better be avoided, as they are the mark of a big church and require a long nave or very high walls and roof to carry them off. They are the natural result of the requirement of considerable size, accompanied by a restriction from structural or æsthetic reasons to fairly narrow spans of vaults or trusses.

The question of the admission of a proper amount of light to the nave is an important one both from the practical and artistic standpoints, though perhaps our churches suffer as often from too much light as from too little. Usually, in a building where there is no interference with the light by adjoining structures, windows in nave or clerestory walls will be sufficient without the aid of dormers, whose effect of breaking up the shadows of the roof space is apt to be disastrous to the general architectural result of the interior. If an "east" window over the chancel is arranged for, it should be sufficiently high or filled with dark enough glass to insure freedom of annoying glare to the congregation which must face it.

The space provided for the clergy varies in different churches, both in size and treatment, according to the character and elaboration of the ritual employed, and the number of ministers participating. In the Middle Ages the ritual was elaborate and the number of priests or monks was large, and we find spacious and elaborate chancels. In the Episcopal Church of to-day a ritual of considerable richness is frequently employed, and often several persons assist in its performance, requiring a similar generous chancel, whose architectural treatment corresponds to the character of its use. The choir in these churches is often placed in the chancel with the clergy, requiring additional space, which is best provided, as in the English Gothic churches, by an especially deep chancel. In the other Protestant denominations, however, where there is no fixed liturgy, where the choir is ordinarily placed in some other part of the church and a single minister conducts the service, it is evident that there must be a change from Gothic precedent and a smaller and simpler clergy space provided. In their attempt to depart as far as possible from the customs of the Church of England, the Puritans treated the church service in the same way as the church buildings, and whitewashed out many of its beauties. The resulting service, as in the case of the buildings, was somewhat bare and cheerless, and the modifications which have been gradually made to enrich and beautify the manner of worship would seem to be justified. In the Nonconformist buildings the tendency toward extreme simplicity continued, and the provision for the minister was reduced to its lowest terms—a plain desk for

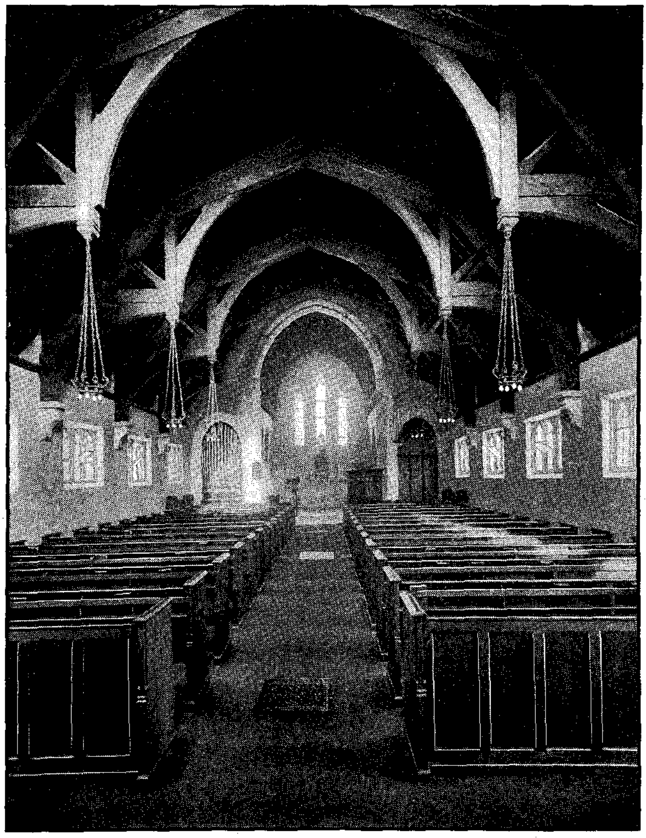
Bible and two or three chairs upon a narrow platform. This extremely simple plan, intensely characteristic of the Puritan spirit, has attained a certain prestige because of its common use for so long a time. Its simplicity is in itself a recommendation, as is also the fact that the central position it provides for the Bible well indicates the important place held by the Scriptures in the so-called evangelical churches. On the other hand, its pre-emption of the central position leaves for the communion-table no better location than the somewhat obscure one on the church floor in front of the desk. In such churches as have developed the need for a more ample space for the conduct of the service it is quite possible to meet such requirements without disregard of traditions of simplicity by arranging a square or semicircular recess or chancel of moderate depth, which will provide ample space for the placing of the pulpit, communion-table, a lectern for the Bible, and suitable seats for the clergy and deacons. This plan has the advantage of providing sufficient room for conducting the various ceremonies of the church in a manner consistent with their serious and solemn character, and allows opportunity for appropriate architectural treatment of



THE ABBEY CHURCH OF ST. YVED, BRAINE, FRANCE

A good illustration of the domination of the ecclesiastical group by its chief member. It also shows how architectural effect is obtained by height where length is lacking the place where these ceremonies take place.

The question of the location of the choir is a somewhat difficult one. It is placed in almost every possible part of the church, as in the chancel, at the "east" end between the clergy space and the east wall at one side of the platform, in a transept, or in a gallery at the rear of the building. There seems, however, one good rule to be followed in this matter, and that is that unless the choir is a vested one it should never occupy a conspicuous place. The visible effect of the uniformity of a simply and suitably vested choir often adds greatly to the solemnity and reverence of a service, but the distinctly individual and personal appearance of the choristers and the variety and secular character of the millinery exhibited by the average unvested choir has the opposite effect if placed in a prominent position. What could be less church-like than the not uncommon arrangement of providing a low gallery in the center of the chancel, perhaps the most conspicuous place in the building, to be occupied by a quartette, leaving the minister only a narrow shelf-like platform between it and the front pews! When, however, the choir is large or its gallery high above the church floor, these objections have less force. The position at one side of the front of the church has been a favorite one of late years, though open to some extent to the same criticisms as the central location last mentioned. In this case, if the singers face toward the chancel and are partially screened from the church, the effect is less personal and more church-like. A high gallery in the transept of a large church or a gallery occupying one of the aisles and opening either into the chancel or the nave is an excellent location, inconspicuous and musically effective. The common arrangement of the New England meeting-house with the choir gallery at the rear has much to recommend it. The choristers are not in a conspicuous position, and yet the gallery may be made of sufficient architectural interest to conform to the importance of the music in the service. When the singing is entirely congregational, the duty of the choir being leadership only, the "west" gallery arrangement is excellent, or the choir seats may be placed in the front of the church on the floor level. The tendency to give to the choir an unnecessarily exalted position is well characterized in the remark attributed to a well-known bishop, who, in response to a request for an inscription for an ornate choir gallery, suggested



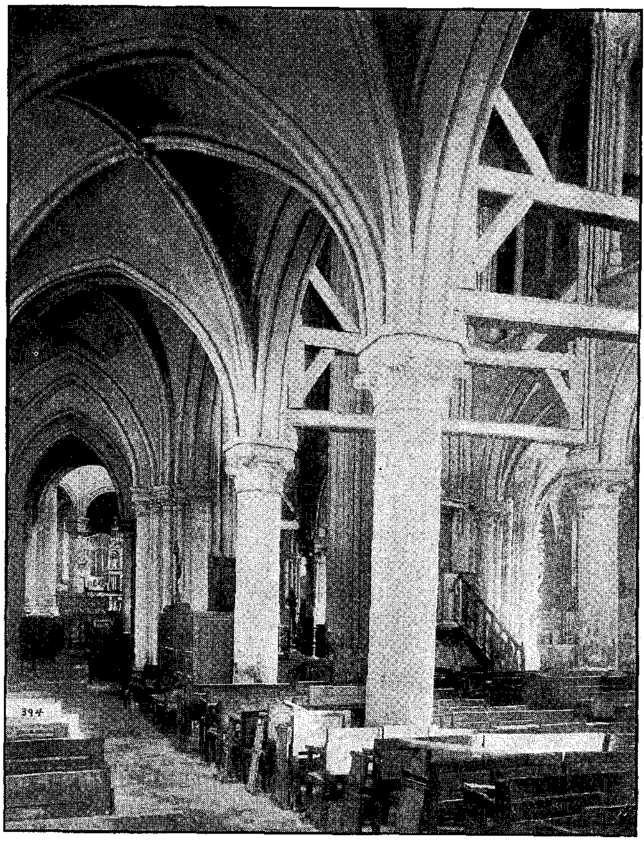
CHURCH AT CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

This shows the simple method of economizing space by using trusses from wall to wall

“To the Glory of the Choir and in Memory of God.”

As for the organ, when properly designed, it is an extremely decorative feature wherever placed. It should be so planned as to open freely into the church, that its full volume of sound may be utilized. There is one point in connection with the organ that should be noted. It has become the practice of some organ-builders to make a majority of the visible pipes so-called “dummies”—that is, turned pieces of wood representing metal pipes. This is entirely unnecessary, and it is only a matter of a little care and study on the part of the architect to design an organ whose every pipe shall speak.

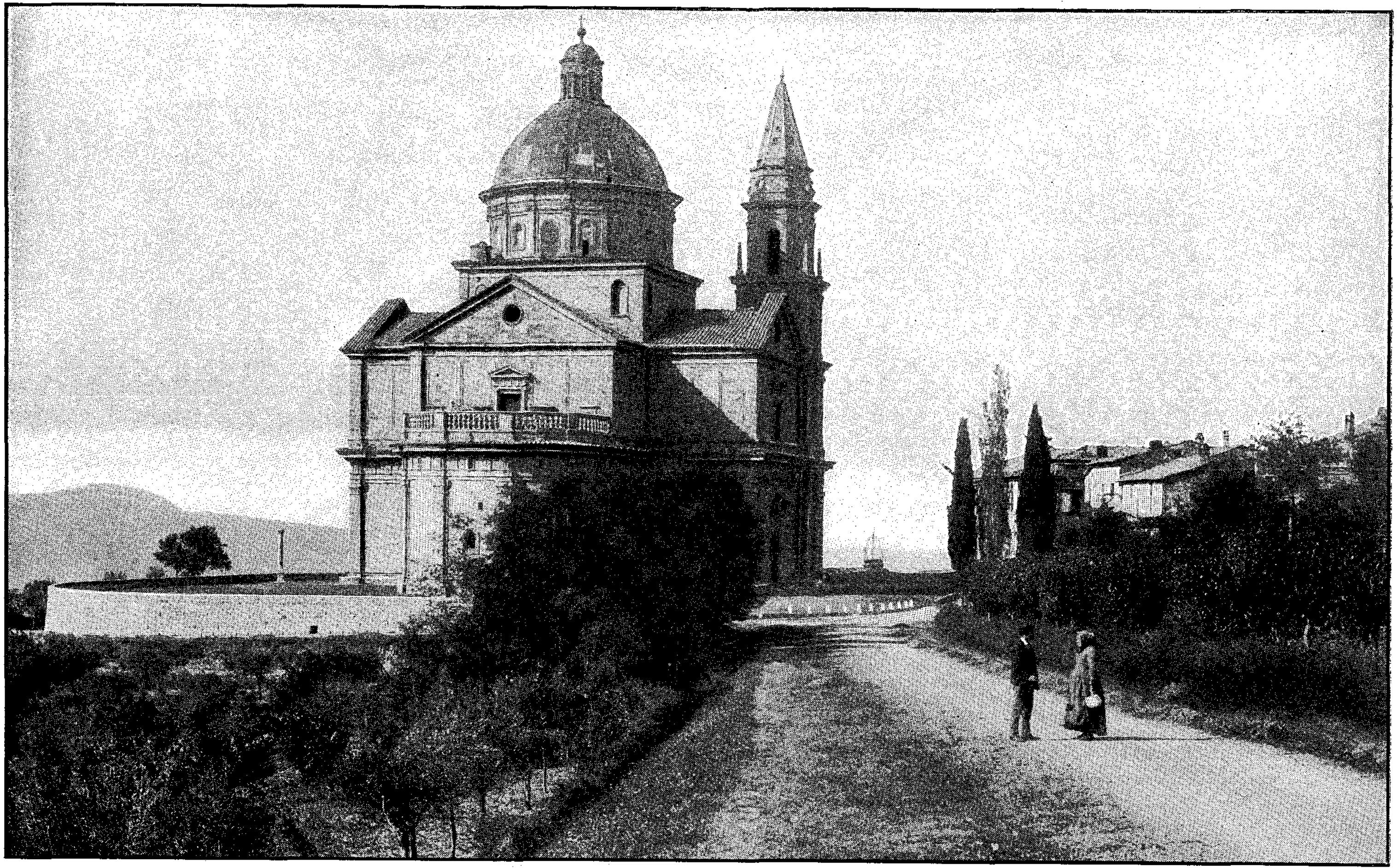
As the position of the choir in many of our churches has grown too exalted, that of the communion-table has been suffered to become obscure and even mean. Through all the Christian ages till the time of the nonconformists, the table where was celebrated the sacrament of the Lord's Supper occupied the most important, the focal, position in the church. In the early “basilican” church it was placed in the center of the circular apse or directly in front of it and raised above the church floor; at a later time the table was placed in the center of the crossing and marked by a towering ciborium or canopy; in the small English churches we find it against the “east” wall of the chancel. In each case it was dignified by an important architectural position. While it may not be desirable to give to the communion-table the importance granted the Roman Catholic altar or even such as it has in the Episcopal Church, its purpose and use would seem to require that it be allowed a more appropriate treatment than is customary in many evangelical churches. A common but unsatisfactory location is in front of a central pulpit and practically on the level of the floor of the church. A much better plan is to place the table near the rear of the chancel, with a permanent seat for the minister behind it and seats for the deacons at either side.



CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S, TRIEL, FRANCE

An example of a small aisled church showing the interesting and beautiful effect of the piers and vaults, and also the obstruction of the view by the piers

If the communion-table be put in its proper and traditional position in the center of the chancel, the pulpit, in order not to be directly in front of it, must be moved to a location at one side, which is from all practical considerations of hearing and seeing as good as the central position. It may be in some churches that the sermon is considered the only material part of the service. In such a case the central pulpit might be consid-



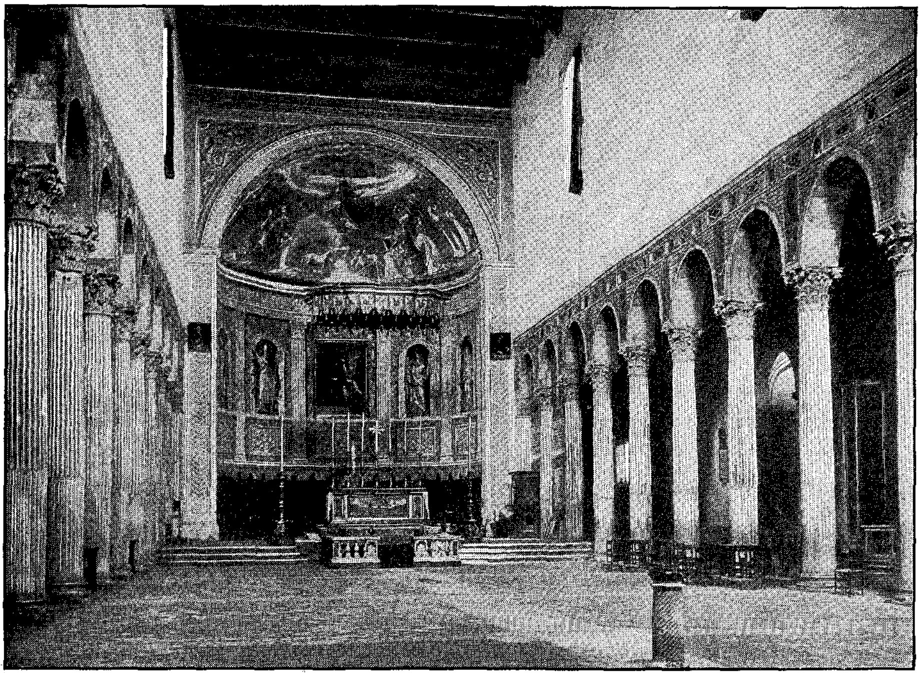
CHURCH OF SAN BIAGIO, MONTEPULCIANO, ITALY

A building on the Greek cross plan, built of travertine without and within in the style of the Renaissance. It has escaped the tawdry stucco work of a later time which mars so many Italian churches, and it forms an excellent model for a large modern church if classic motives are to be used ered a necessity, otherwise it would seem that the plan outlined above is the better one.

In the services of our churches the reading of the Bible is one of the most prominent features, and therefore the desk or lectern should be arranged with this fact in mind. Three positions naturally occur to one. If the central pulpit is used, the logical thing is to employ it both for reading and preaching, as has long been the custom in many churches. If it is the plan to have the pulpit at the side, the lectern may be placed at the opposite side, as is usually the case in Episcopal churches. Perhaps a still better idea, as signifying more clearly the place which the Bible occupies in the modern church, is to put the reading-desk in the middle of the chancel at the front and on a lower level than the communion-table.

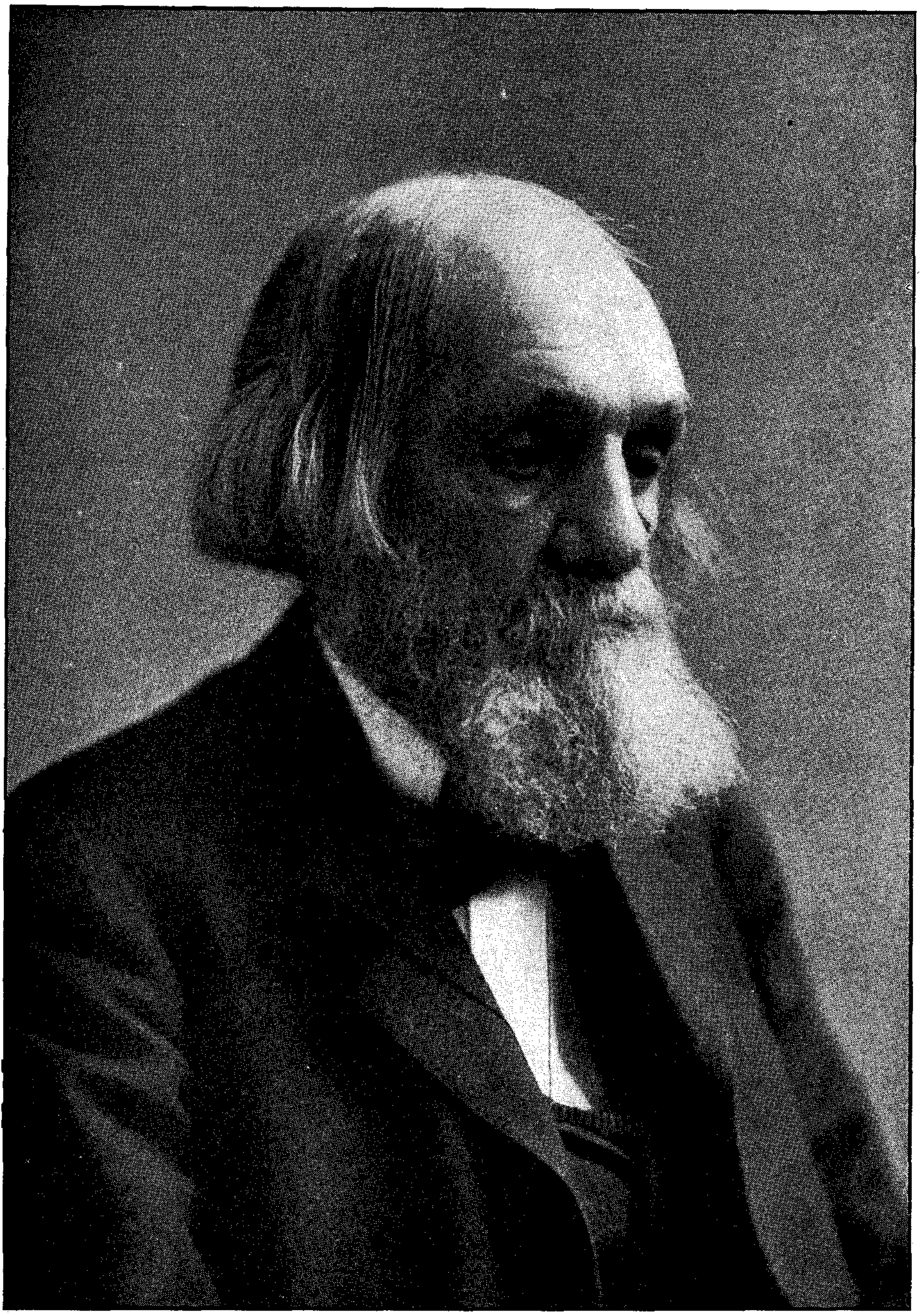
The location of the font is not fixed by any special needs. The historic position near the entrance to the building, with its symbolic reference to the entrance of the baptized person upon the Christian life, is not now followed in the non-liturgical church. The common position near the platform or chancel is more convenient.

The foregoing are a few of the more striking modifications in arrangement which result from changes in forms of worship, and an architectural design which properly expresses these modifications will be modern in the best sense. On the other hand, there are many virtues in the best of the Gothic churches which are worthy of close imitation. Their solid and genuine construction and monumental character, the softened and mellowed character of their interiors, the aspiring vertical lines, almost inseparable in the mind of an Anglo-Saxon from a religious structure, their wealth of symbolism, and the glory of their pictured windows, are all as applicable to the church building to-day as they were in the thirteenth century. In so far as our churches are to signify the unchanging principles and customs of Christianity, we may pattern after the forms used by the mediæval builders, and we should endeavor to approach in the reverent, serious, and artistic spirit of these men our new and difficult problems.



CHURCH OF SANTA SABINA, ROME

This church, with the exception of modern decorations in the apse and a new altar, is much the same as when erected in the fifth century. It is interesting to note the focal position of the communion-table, as well as the fact that the priest stood behind the table and faced the people, instead of in front of it and with his back to them, as became the usage later



EDWARD EVERETT HALE

From a new portrait by C. M. Bell, Washington

TARRY AT HOME TRAVELS[1]

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

"My mind impels me to write on places where I have been and on some of the people whom I have seen in them"

FIRST PAPER

New England—The State of Maine

IT seems to me curious that so few people write about travels in the United States. One in a thousand of the intelligent Americans who travel in Europe puts his observations in print. One in fifty of the people who cross Asia do the same; and every one who crosses Africa does. But of the travelers of America you might count on the fingers of two hands all worth reading that have been printed in the last twenty years.

Of which one consequence is that when you talk with intelligent Americans you find that they know more of Switzerland and perhaps of Moscow or of Stonehenge than they know of Indianapolis, or of Trenton Falls, or of Bonaventure, or Chimborazo. You can go to an illustrated lecture and come home and feel afterwards that you have been on a Norwegian canal or a Portuguese railway. But if there are such shows of my own country, I am not favored. I am always on the lookout for them, but I never find them.

A little boy who was a friend of mine was studying arithmetic at school, and he came to the process known by the schoolmasters as long division. It said in the book, "Inquire how many times the Divisor goes into the Dividend." So when he had his slate adjusted to Divisor and Dividend, he went to ask his teacher how far one went into the other. She remonstrated, but he said that that was what the book said—it told him to "inquire," and he "inquired."

The average American is left in very much the condition of that boy. If he wants to know about Vermont, he cannot find any book that tells him. Whoever he speaks to about it is annoyed or pretends to gape, and tells him to go to Vermont and see. The newspapers are painfully provincial. It is hard to make them print some spirited letter from a bright friend who is traveling in the steps of Lewis and Clark, or among the wonders of California. Once there were such books as Lewis and Clark's or Fremont's, or Francis Parkman's or Dwight's "Travels in New England," or Flint's "Mississippi." But, as I say, we do not find such books now. One recollects, of course, "Their Wedding Journey" of Howells, and "A Chance Acquaintance," and other such fragments. But not enough of them. I sent to a magazine a good story once, where the bride and her husband traveled on the Vanderbilt lines. I had to strike out this allusion lest it should be an advertisement!

I should like to have exactly such a book about the United States as an English doctor, whose name I have forgotten, made about the Continent of Europe just after Napoleon was sent to Elba. English people had been shut off from the Continent for half a generation. In fact, unless they were named

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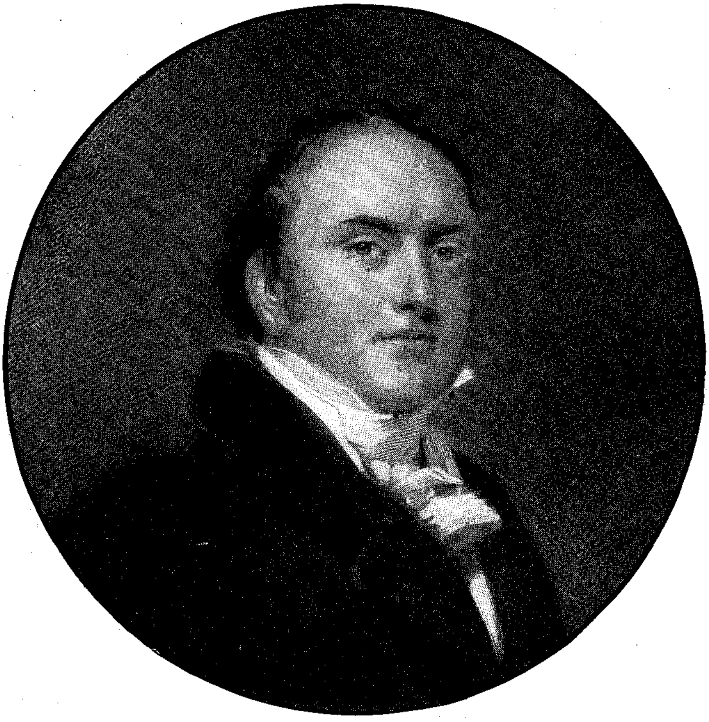
[1] Copyright, 1905, the Outlook Company, New York.

Arthur Young, Addison, or Prior, or Sterne, or John Milton, they had not gone there much before. One of the charms of Jane Austen's novels is that they are exquisitely insular. A post-captain or an admiral may be alluded to because Britannia rules the waves. But the Continent of Europe or the double Continent of America is referred to no more than the Planet Neptune, of which she had never heard. This unknown English doctor sent his English carriage across to Calais, made up a party of four, took his life in his hands, and rode to Italy and back again, and told from day to day just what he had seen. It is graceless of me to forget his name, for he wrote a very entertaining book. Dear old Dr. Dwight, the President of Yale College, started from New Haven, a hundred years ago, and jumbled about the New England States and wrote an account of them in just the same way. Our friend Mr. Lummis started with his dog, both on foot, from Chillicothe in Ohio and walked to Los Angeles in California, and he wrote a very entertaining book about it. But Dr. Dwight is in heaven; I suppose the English doctor is, for if he were alive he must be one hundred and thirteen years old; and Mr. Lummis is too busy with his magazine to start again. So I am writing these lines, not so much for what they tell as to call the attention of readers to what they do not tell. Think of the great voids of ignorance! Think how little you know about North Dakota or Idaho!



LORD ASHBURTON

From a mezzotint by Wagstaff after the painting by Sir Thomas Lawrence

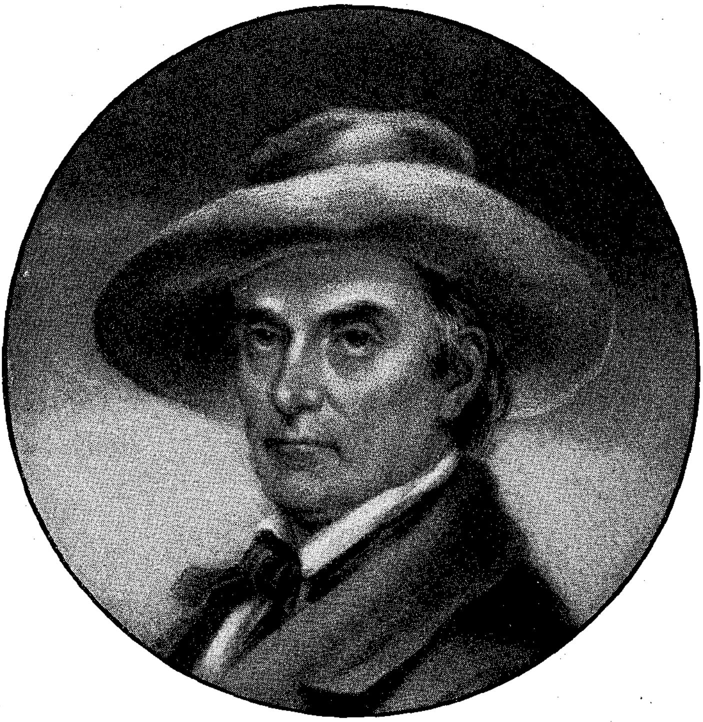
Of course modern science answers that we should travel ourselves. We should see with our own eyes and hear with our ears and understand with our hearts the wonderful things which are in our own country, and then should turn round and tell them to others. As Tasso says,

When I am left to tell in other's ear
The wonders seen, and whisper, I was there.

But in face of this scientific course there are difficulties. One, it costs so much to travel in America. I can go about anywhere in Spain or Switzerland,

and at the end of the week I only have to draw for twenty-five dollars from my banker. But in America, wherever I go, the railways make me pay so much, and the hotels make me pay so much, and the steamboats, that just as I am ready for my grand tour in America, some one says to me, "Take a second-class ticket with me for Hamburg;" and I do, and we travel in Bohemia instead of going to Tacoma. It is only by pretending to be a schoolmaster and taking a half-price ticket to attend an "Educational Convention"—as if there were any such word as "educational," and as if there were much use in a convention—it is only thus that I can go to see Bunker Hill, if I happen to live in the North Park. All of which we will hope the future will reform for us.

Having said this, I will try to start the intelligent reader on his own feet; and we will give him some hint of what he ought to see, and I will not pretend to show it to him. He shall have some other hint of what he ought to hear, but I will not pretend to speak it. Some of the best essays about this world which have been written are the prefaces to Murray's and Baedeker's Guide-Books. They do not tell the traveler what he is to see. That comes afterwards in the book. But they try to quicken his enthusiasm, to make him see that travel is worth while, and to understand that it is neither so dangerous nor so difficult as he supposes. I will try here, mostly by memories, sometimes by expectations, with an occasional word of the present fact, to interest the average reader in some plan for seeing some part of his own home, which he has never seen until now.

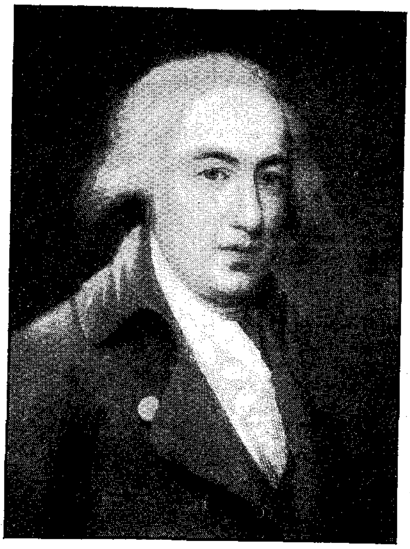


DANIEL WEBSTER

From an engraving by H. Wright Smith after the painting by J. Ames

There are two notable studies of New England which you had better read right through before you make your plans for next June. They are in the first volume and the second of Dr. Palfrey's "History of New England." They not only tell what he knew, which was a great deal, but they give you almost all the references which you need if you have the genuine historical passion. As I believe I have already said, the average American has no such passion. He does not care anything about history. This is indeed the proverb of the hustling editor of to-day—that even newspapers have nothing to do with history. One of them, with pathetic blindness, quoted from Jules Verne the remark that you got no history out of the newspaper, really thinking that Jules Verne intended this for a compliment. But there are occasional people who are curious to know where the plant of Indian corn came from, and what sort of a seed it had; where the pine-tree came from, and what sort of a seed it had. And that sort of people like to know what the thirteen States were, and why they were different from the thirty-two others; what a New England forest was, and how it differs from the New England of factories and high schools; who Massasoit or Canonicus were, and how they differed from Charles William Eliot and John Davis Long. These people are the people who care for history, and they will be glad of such references as Dr. Palfrey gives them; and they will be glad to read the chapters of which I have spoken; and in very rare cases they will go to the American Antiquarian Library or the John Carter Brown collection of books in Providence, or the Massachusetts Historical Society's Library, or to that of Harvard College, to see for themselves the original authorities.

For our present purpose it must be enough to say that New England is a peninsula included within an oblong which, if roughly drawn, measures eight degrees of latitude and nine of longitude—a little more accurately, perhaps, sixty or eighty thousand square miles.



JAMES BOWDOIN

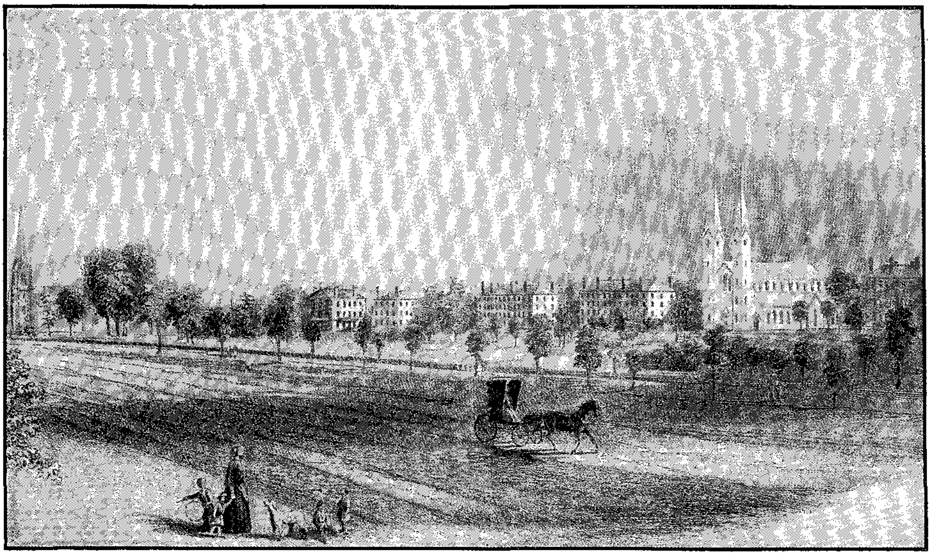
After the painting by Gilbert Stuart in the Walker Art Building, Bowdoin College

Dear Dr. Palfrey says with a certain pride that it is just half-way from the Equator to the Pole, and this is interesting, for it gives some slight scientific authority to Dr. Holmes's claim that the gilded dome of the Boston State House is the "Hub of the Universe." Indeed, it would amuse the first class in the ninth grade of some grammar school to see how nearly that same gilded dome is at the center of inhabited New England. Possibly some advanced student in that class may find out, what is unknown to all the readers of these lines, why the accomplished architect Charles Bulfinch put a pineapple on top of the dome.

Some of the old writers really thought that New England was an island. What they knew was that Henry Hudson had worked his way up from the ocean on the south as far as Albany, that Champlain had come by water from the ocean on the north as far as Lake Champlain, that between Albany and the head of Lake George there is not a wide distance. In point of fact, I believe the neck of land between the waters which flow into the St. Lawrence and the waters which flow into the Hudson is not more than two miles across. If anybody cares, it was within twenty miles of this neck that Burgoyne received his *coup de grâce*, and that the history of modern civilization changed when, in his capitulation, the independence of the United States was made sure.

I was once at an evening party, talking with one of the great New Englanders, John Albion Andrew, when Louis Agassiz joined us. I said, 'Agassiz, I wish you would tell Andrew what I am telling him; you would do it so much better than I." Naturally, he asked me what I was telling him. Now, it was at the time of one of our prehistoric quarrels with England, when the understanding between the two countries was not as cordial as it is now. England and the United States were quarreling about 54–40, or codfish, or something—I have forgotten what. I said, "I am telling Andrew how you told us that when the Lord God thought he would make a world out of a spinning ball of red-hot water and steam which there was, he made some rocks rise up as a sort of nucleus of the man-habitable world, and that the first thing he thought of was to make the ridge between the United States and Canada."

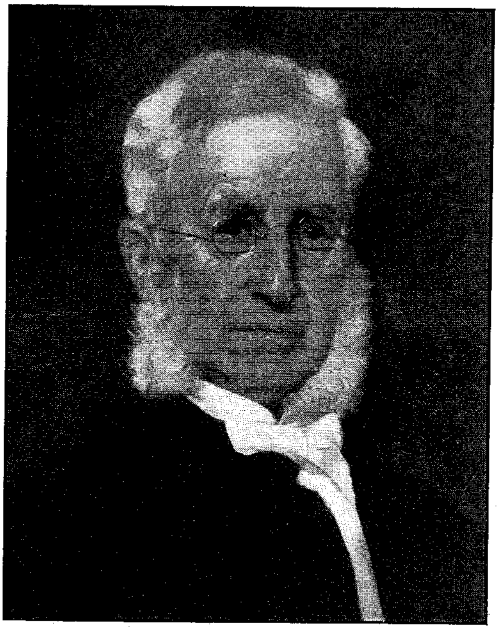
Agassiz laughed, and said that he had not put it in exactly that way, but that that was the truth. And whoever reads the old treaty of 1783 will be edified in finding that the highlands between the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence and the waters flowing into the Atlantic were named by those ungeological diplomatists who made the treaty, as the northern boundary of New England. That critical ridge of rock which poked its head up on that fine morning described in the ninth verse of the first chapter of Genesis may still be traced by the amateur fisherman who has gone up to the narrow trout brook at the head of the Connecticut. It is the same rock which you pass on the Vanderbilt road, just north of the Mohawk, at Herkimer and along in such places, if you are on Howells's "Wedding Journey" or on Lucy Poor's. Lord Ashburton and Mr. Webster agreed for the northeastern part of the country to make an artificial line. But you and I, for the convenience of things, may recollect that all of us New Englanders probably live above the oldest land in the world. That is the reason of a certain arrogance which other people accuse us of. But, really, we have not much to do with that steaming rock of a hundred million æons ago, for all New England was made over again, it seems, when the glaciers came down from the north, covering us all over with a sheet of ice which was a thousand feet thick, or more, even over the top of our Mount Washington. It drifted south and south and south, until the Atlantic Ocean proved to be too warm for it. It left its gravel and sand and smaller boulders first in a ridge which became Long Island, Block Island, and Nantucket, and, after years more, it made another ridge which is now southern Connecticut and southern Rhode Island and Cape Cod, I suppose, including, among other excellent places, my own summer home. And, still again, it made a third ridge, five or ten miles inland from the Long Island Sound of



BOWDOIN COLLEGE IN ITS EARLY DAYS

From an old print

to-day. Recollect this, my sophomore friend, when walking through New England with your nightgown and toothbrush in a knapsack. Recollect this, Madam Champernoon, as your chauffeur takes you along the Connecticut Valley at a rate not exceeding fifteen miles an hour, as required by the statute, in those last happy moments before the boiler explodes and you and he leave the study of terrestrial geology.



PROF. ALPHEUS SPRING PACKARD

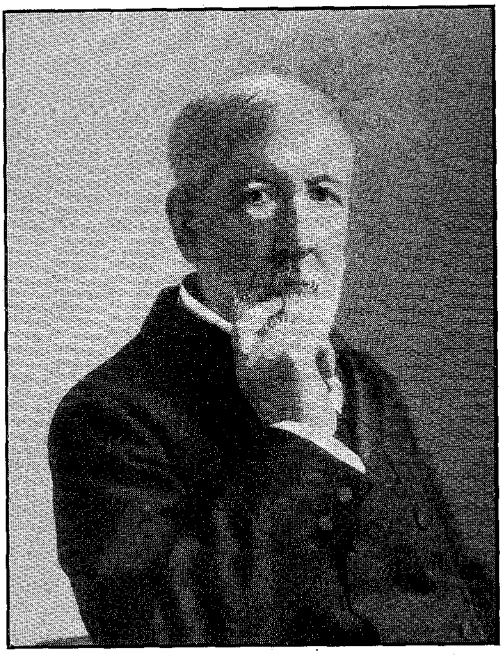
After the painting by F. P. Vinton in the Walker Art Building, Bowdoin College

Of this territory, of which we have established the age in such satisfactory and substantial fashion, the State of Maine makes nearly one-half—thirty-three thousand square miles. The people of Maine call it the "*State* of Maine," with a certain pride and frequency not observable in other States. You say Delaware did this or Ohio did that, when a Maine man is a little apt to say, "the State of Maine" did this and the "State of Maine" did that. This is because from near the beginning until 1820 it was the District, or vernacular "Deestrict," of Maine. Under the operation of what is known as the Missouri Compromise in our politics, it was then set apart as a State. And the older people still remember with pride that it is no longer the "Deestrict," but it is the State of Maine—a pride which asserts itself even when they are unconscious of what they are saying.

Maine and Vermont are virtually the youngest of the New England States. This is because in practice people did not like to go into wildernesses to settle them, although they knew very well what happy homes they would make. They did not like to, while there was any fear of French attack upon the North. The French always brought Indians with them. And you may charge it to the French religion or not, as you choose, but the savage warfare which they carried on under French direction was of the most horrible kind. If anybody cares, it is to be observed that the hatred of the Roman Catholic Church which existed formerly in New England was due to the memory that the savage raids of the eighteenth century were in all instances mixed up with French invasion, and were ascribed by the sufferers, more or less, to the machinations of Latin priests. But with General Wolfe at Quebec in 1759 such French domination practically ended—no more terror of savage warfare. And then New Hampshire people were glad enough to leave their gravel and rock for the fertile valleys of Vermont, and the Massachusetts people glad enough to send their emigrants up into the valley of the Kennebec and Penobscot. Before that time Maine was simply a fringe of seaboard towns.

My father was a born geographer, and before he died he found, rather to his own surprise, I think, that he was a great engineer. I am apt to think that I and my children inherit from him certain tastes and habits which our nearest friends sometimes venture to call Bohemian.

What I know is that I was born in the month of April, 1822, and that before I was four months old he had taken us all to Exeter, New Hampshire, a place marked with vermilion in the annals of our family. There he left my mother and her four little children in the country tavern of the day while he and the great botanist, Dr. Jacob Bigelow, and two or three friends of theirs went on horseback through the Notch of the White Mountains. Their account of this expedition contains, I think, the first scientific narratives regarding those mountains. They were published at the time in a tract now rare which has an interest for us Appalachians.



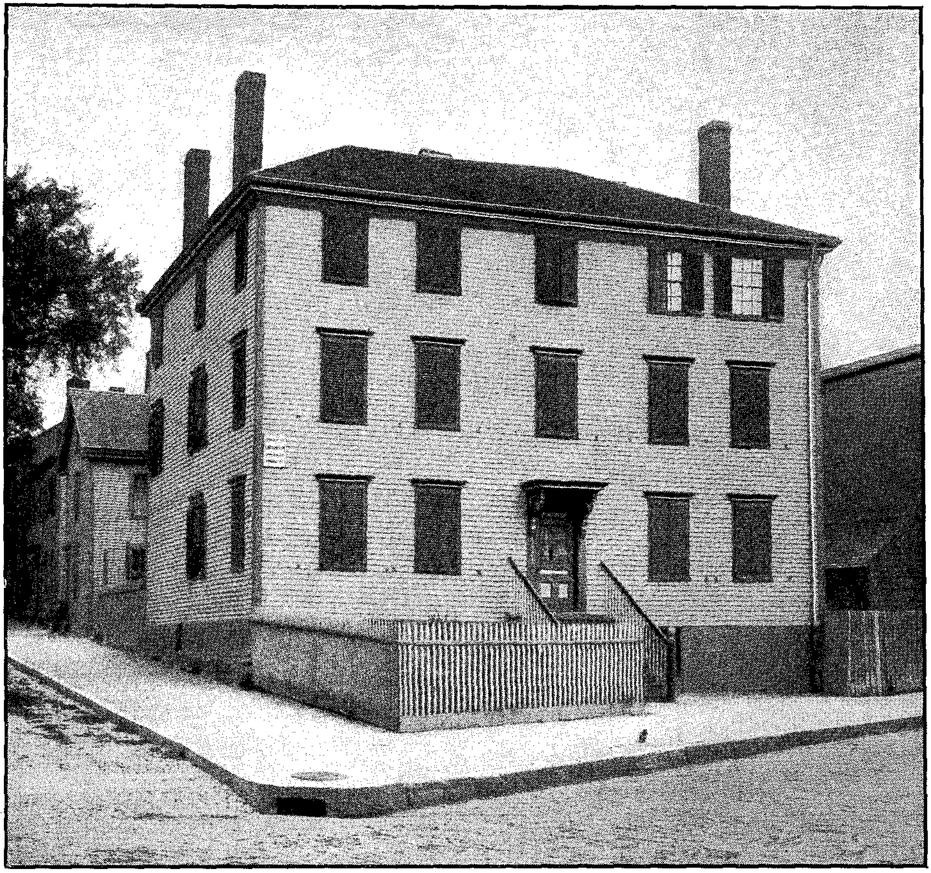
JAMES G. BLAINE
From a photograph by Sarony

This expedition was the first bit of travel which ever took me outside of Massachusetts. I do not affect to remember the New Hampshire of that time, but I like to record this adventure. A charming cousin of mine, one of the finest women of the century, used to tell me with amusement that she had made my acquaintance there and then, while I still wore the simpler garments of babyhood. Let this be the prelude to these memories of my own dealings afterwards with the different States of New England.

First of Maine. "Dirigo, I lead," is the fine motto of that State. Its people have no reason to be ashamed of it or to blush because their fathers chose it. It means, if you are modest, that Maine begins the list of the United States, because in those days men began at the north and repeated the list from north to south. So it was Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont. In these days the Pacific State of Washington runs farther north, to the parallel of 49. But in the days of the District of Maine no State ran so near the North Pole as she did. So Maine does lead for every school-boy and every schoolgirl of America.

If, again, anybody cares, one of Samuel Hale's grandsons moved out into eastern Maine, while one of his sons moved into Connecticut. The son of this Connecticut man was my grandfather. And he was cousin, if you please, of the grandfather of those men from Maine who now find their companions in Senates and stand unawed before kings. But I did not know that when I first went there. I believe I only mention it now to say that the Hales of Maine are our sort of Hales; the Hales of New Hampshire are of the sort of the distinguished lady I have spoken of, and are also of our kind of Hales, "the Hales who do not have sugar in their coffee." The Hales of Vermont are of the Newbury Hales, which means Thomas the Glover. They also are admirable people, and they have a Nathan Hale of their own who was a Captain Nathan Hale of the Revolution, and died on a prison ship in New York harbor and shall be spoken of hereafter. My son Philip is an artist. He was in a New York gallery one day when it was what the artists call "varnishing day," and a lady, referring to his picture, said, "So you have come to New York to be hanged, Mr. Hale." "Yes," said he; "that is the way the Hales usually come."

Perhaps it is as well to say that the Massachusetts Hales are some of them of one kind and some of another, and yet a third belong to the Rehoboth Hales. The Rhode Island Hales are mostly Rehoboth Hales. Besides the Coventry Hales in Connecticut, of whom I am, and the Ashford Hales, who are



BIRTHPLACE OF THE POET LONGFELLOW IN PORTLAND

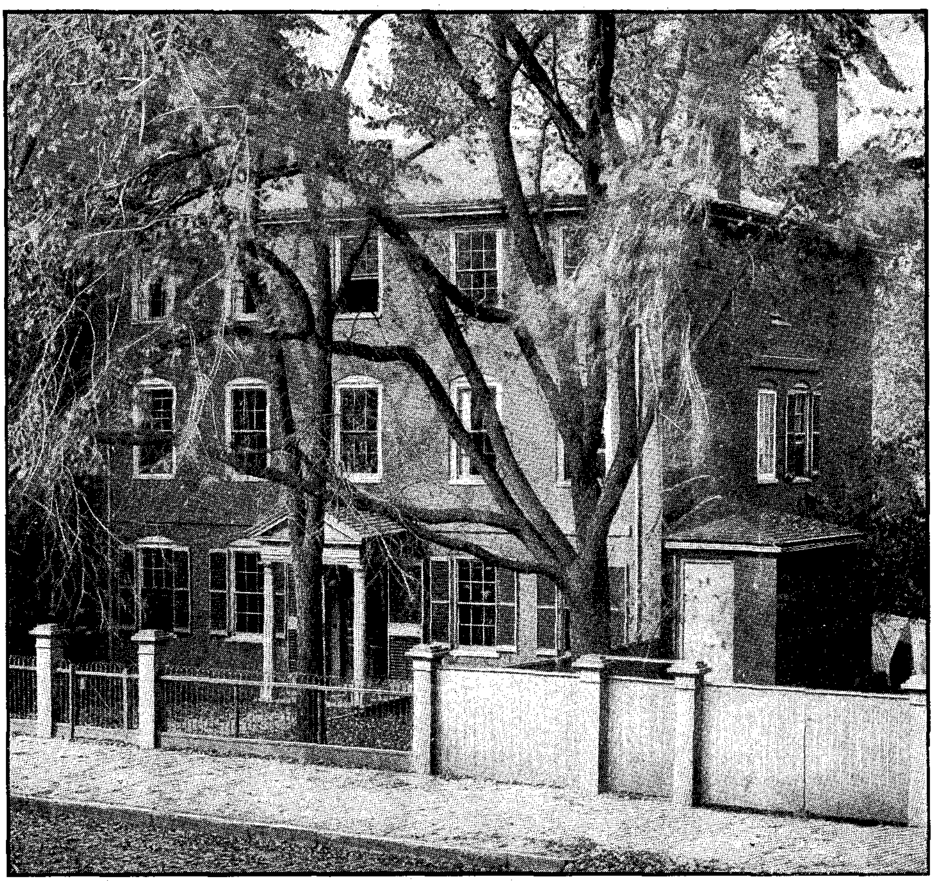
our cousins, are the Glastonbury Hales. They are the people who now produce peaches for the world, and are our cousins on another line from the Ashford Hales.

It is my belief that in all these lines the Hales were cousins of each other. Generally speaking, they are tall, with a tendency to black hair. Without exception they love their country and tell the truth. So much for genealogy, to which I may never refer, perhaps, again.

No, I did not go to Maine to see my cousins. I went there on my way to New Hampshire to see, if you please, on those mountains the geographical order of its stratification. In the year 1841 I was appointed as a junior member on the New Hampshire Geological Survey, under the eminent Charles Thomas Jackson, who is better known as one of the discoverers of the properties of ether. On my way to join this survey I went down to Portland and made a visit on my lifelong friend Samuel Longfellow. He is the Longfellow to whom you owe some of the best hymns in your hymn-book; for instance, he wrote the hymn for my ordination. He graduated with me at Cambridge in 1839. And we of our class used to call the celebrated Henry Wadsworth Longfellow the brother of the "Poet Longfellow," meaning that he was brother to our Sam.

This narrative should really begin with a voyage down Portland Harbor in a boat piloted by Sam Longfellow and me. He and I and Channing, who had asked for my appointment on the New Hampshire Survey, were intimate in college.

From college days down I liked Channing and Channing liked me. In November, 1838, he proposed that we should watch from midnight down for the annual recurrence of the meteoric shower which



THE LONGFELLOW HOUSE IN PORTLAND

is now generally called the shower of the Leonids. And we did so, eight of us of the college class of 1839, on the Delta of those days. What says the poem of that day?

Our Chase and our Channing
The Northwest are scanning,
While the cold wind is fanning
  Their faces upturned.
While our Hurd and our Hale,
With watching turned pale,
Are looking toward Yale
  Where all these things burned.
And Morison and Parker
Cry out to the marker,
One yet black and darker
  From zenith above.
While Adams and Longfellow,
Watching the throng below,
Won't all night long allow
  Black meteors move.

All the rest of us insisted that there were black meteors as well as white ones. This opinion has been confirmed since then. Our observatory was a square table, just where the statue of John Harvard sits in bronze to-day. North, south, east, and west of the table were four chairs, facing in those directions, and in them sat four of the club. A fifth, with a lantern on the table, recorded the observations. If any one wants to see them, he can look in Silliman's Journal of the next January, or in the Bulletins of the Astronomical Department of the French Academy of Sciences. That was my first appearance on that August record. The little club of observers called itself the Octagon Club. Chase afterwards won distinction as a mathematician. Morison was Provost of the Peabody Library at Baltimore, Adams distinguished himself as a lawyer before his early death, Longfellow was the preacher and hymn-writer, and Parker and Hurd every man's friends. We have never printed till now their "Octagonal Scribblings."

And so in 1841 Channing came into my school-room one day and asked me to join him as a subaltern in the Geological Survey of New Hampshire, under Jackson. And, as I have said above, so I did. If this series ever passes Maine, and the reader and I should get into New Hampshire together, I will tell of those experiences. But now, as I have said, Maine is the first on the list, and with Maine we will begin.

To start on this expedition I went to Portland. Then with Longfellow I crossed the southwest corner of Maine, that I might join Channing. In the expedition which followed we ascended Mount Washington, as this reader shall hear when we come to New Hampshire. So, naturally enough, four years after, he proposed to me that we should try the highest mountain in Maine and ascend Mount Katahdin. Before the reader is

JUDGE STEPHEN LONGFELLOW

Father of Henry Wadsworth and Samuel Longfellow

From a painting

twenty years older the ascent of Katahdin and the exploration of the Maine lakes will be among the most interesting incidents of familiar summer travel.

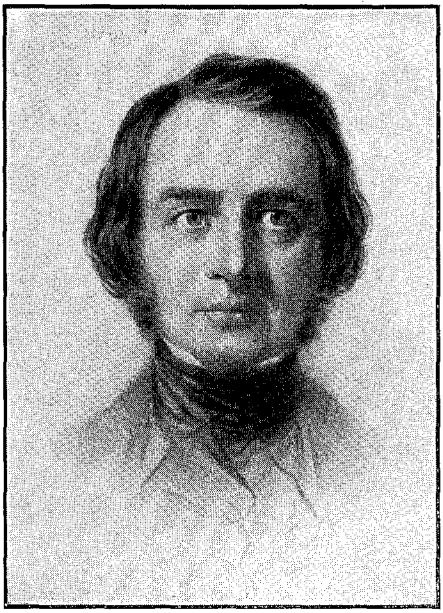
But of Maine I knew nothing but the Sebago Lake and the Fryeburg road till I went there with this same William Francis Channing for this Katahdin expedition, as my father had gone to New Hampshire to ascend Mount Washington.

I am writing soon after Channing's death, and I am tempted to say that while he is remembered as a distinguished man of science, it is a wonder to some of us that he never became one of the most distinguished men of his time. He was what is now called a physicist of remarkable resources. He had studied with Dr. Robert Hare, who is still remembered among the fathers of science in America, the inventor of the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe. Channing had early taken up the business of harnessing electricity. He is the author of the fire alarm, now in use in all our cities.

> A wizard of such wondrous fame,
> That when in Salamanca's cave
> It listed him his wand to wave,
> The bells would ring in Notre Dame.

Indeed, in many lines his early experiments in electricity led the way for those who have given to us the electrical inventions of to-day. I count it as a great misfortune for him that as a little boy he was taken to Europe to school. But Fellenberg was a great apostle of education then; his school at Hofwyl, now forgotten, was the Mecca of educators. For those were the days when even sensible people really thought that people could be instructed into the kingdom of heaven, or practically that if you knew your multiplication table well enough, all else would follow.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Poor little Will. Channing, in those early experiences at Hofwyl, lost in childhood the joy and delight, so necessary to the children of God, of easy intercourse with his fellow-men. There was always a certain aloofness about him which made him unhappy. It is not nice to be on the outside margin of any circle of mankind. Here is, for better, for worse, my explanation of the reason why his name does not stand higher than it does among the men of his generation.

I think he and I were the first persons who had ascended Mount Katahdin with scientific tastes and for any scientific purpose. My dear friend Professor Asa Gray had told me that it was desirable to have specimens of the Alpine vegetation there, that it might be compared with that of Mount Washington. I was able to send him more than twenty varieties on my return.

We consulted with Dr. Jackson, who had been our old chief in New Hampshire, and Dr. Jackson had said, in his offhand way, that, passing across Maine from the coal of Nova Scotia and the limestone of Thomaston, we should come to primitive rock in Mount Katahdin, and that the eastern half of the State of Maine thus presented in very short distances specimens of all the stratifications of the earth's surface from the oldest time to our own. The remark has not much scientific interest, but I have always treasured it as a very good aid to memory as to what Maine is. You can see the beaver build his hut at the north end of Maine, and the next day you can see the Fine Arts Department of Bowdoin College, which is as good a type of the best modern life as you could choose. So you can pass from primitive rock to the latest Tertiary.

Dr. W. O. Crosby, who knows much more about the matter than Dr. Jackson ever pretended to know, says to me, " Between Nova Scotia or Thomaston and Mount Katahdin we have formations covering a wide range of geological time and including some of the oldest as well as the very newest."

NATHAN HALE
From an old engraving

If any one is curious about Katahdin, I refer him to the magazine " Appalachia " of April, 1901, where I have printed my journal of the time of that ascent. I have said thus much of it by way of inducing readers to make this excursion.

Very simply, the heart of Maine is " the Lake Country " of the eastern United States, precisely as Minnesota is " the Lake Country " of the Mississippi

Valley, and as we talk of the Lake Country of England when we go to Winder mere. No man knows New England as seen by his own eye who has not sat on the higher summits of Katahdin. In Thoreau's books there will be found an account of his ascent. And, not to occupy more space here, I like to say that the adventure which shall take any man up the Kennebec by such of its head waters as come from the north, so that he thus may strike the route of Arnold's detachment of 1775, is a very interesting journey. When Mr. Sparks made that journey in his varied historical research, they told him that no traveler had gone through that way since Arnold's men passed by. Or if you will go up to Houlton, which was a military post in the early part of the last century, you will now find a beautiful modern city with the best appliances. Indeed, Aroostook County, of which Houlton is the shire town, is so prosperous a region that they told me when I was last there that there was not an empty house in the county. I know I found schools with the very latest advantages both in Houlton and Fort Fairfield. And yet, as I said just now, beavers are building their dams in the wilderness there.

The Webster-Ashburton Treaty for the year 1842 settled the old boundary controversy between this country and England, which had existed for nearly sixty years. Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton were the negotiators, but as the territory in question belonged wholly to the States of Maine and Massachusetts, Mr. Webster had present at Washington four commissioners from Maine, three from Massachusetts, and also my father, Nathan Hale, as his personal friend, because my father had given special attention to the boundary question. There were thus ten persons in all who discussed the subject together. When it was all over, Lord Ashburton told my father that of the ten, he, the English delegate, was the only one who had ever been in the disputed territory. When he was Mr. Baring, he crossed it on a journey between Quebec and Halifax. The route of the New Brunswick and Canada Railway now passes from the southeast to the northwest through the territory which we conceded to England. Half fashionable America knows now how interesting is the region where New England was first settled by the French in 1602. For there is no better central point from which to explore that region than is the town of Bar Harbor. Eastport has some curious history relating to the long period when it was under English government in the War of 1812. It is the only proper American city which has ever been for a long time in the military possession of a foreign power.

But this paper is not written as if it were a guide-book. It is rather as if I met you, Gentle Reader, in a palace car as you and Mrs. Reader and the nine children were speeding eastward from the heats of Baltimore and Philadelphia, and had made up your mind to go as far as you could under the Stars and Stripes. I hope I should not lay out a route for you. I am trying to tell you what are your opportunities in a State which in the continent of Europe would make a very decent empire. Forests and game? Oh, yes. Take the "Flyer" which the Aroostook Railroad people give you, and you will suppose that man was made for nothing but to shoot deer or moose in the wilderness. Or here is another "Flyer" which will tell you about matchless salmon and salmon trout and the rest of the fishy literature. What I want you to understand about Maine is that these people are well poised, well educated, proud, and well satisfied with the place where they are.

It was my duty once to appoint the chief of a new industrial school. Almost of course, I consulted Samuel Armstrong, "the first citizen of America," who was at the head of the Hampton Institute. He said at once, "Go to Maine, and you are almost sure to find the man you want there." He specified their State College at Orono, but he went farther to say that in Maine they had the pure nobility of New England blood, with the simple habits of the old New Englander and the New Englander's determination to excel the rest of mankind. President Robbins, of the Waltham Watch Company, once told me that once a year he sent an accomplished lady into the upper valley of the Kennebec, and that she stayed there a month or two enlisting a party of well-educated young women who should come back with her to Waltham. It is thus, Gentle Reader, that your Waltham watch is one of a company of a million or two, one of which on one happy day once corrected the standard of Greenwich Observatory.

I spoke just now of beavers at the north and of the picture gallery in Bowdoin College which is within smell of the ocean on the south. Do not go up to the north to kill beavers, but you may make yourself a "camp" there and stay a fortnight while you watch their sensible enterprises. Or go down to the Commencement at Bowdoin and find yourself in the midst of their traditions of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Andrew, Chandler, Packard, and Upham, or in that fresh present life which Dr. Hyde leads so well.

I loitered there one day to study the crayons and other drawings which the younger Bowdoin brought from Spain and from Italy. I had never seen that collection rivaled excepting one day when Ruskin showed me somewhat similar portfolios in English Oxford, and I cannot help wishing that somebody, even now, would give us a study of the lives of the two Bowdoins, father and son. Here was the Governor of Massachusetts who, under the name of the "President of the Council," "ran Massachusetts" from 1775 till 1780, and afterwards succeeded Hancock as Governor. Here was his son who was traveling in Europe when Lexington called him home. He was one of our early diplomatists, and he became the benefactor of Bowdoin College. He left his library, his philosophical reports, and his paintings, with six thousand acres of land and the reversion of the island of Naushon, to this College. His mineralogical collection was the nucleus of the cabinets which Professor Cleveland studied and illustrated.

Ah! here is one of my failures to put the right thread into the right needle at the right time. It must be twenty years ago that I was the guest of the College for some function, and had the pleasure of sitting at the Commencement dinner. Dr. Packard was presiding, loved and honored by everybody who knew him. James Gillespie Blaine was at the height of his fame, and admired and loved by everybody in that assembly. And when he was called upon to speak he spoke with all that personal charm which belonged to his speeches when he was talking of that which really interested him. He characterized Dr. Packard to his face, and, to our delight, told us what manner of man he was. With an old reporter's instinct, I seized the printed menu at my side and began writing on the back the words as they fell from his lips; but in an instant more some Philistine voice said within me, "Why do you do this? There are six reporters at their table eagerly taking it better than you could." And I laid my pencil by. Alas and alas! there was some football match at Princeton or at Harlem that day. The blue pencil of all editorial offices struck out Mr. Blaine's address for the more important details of a touchdown by Smith when Jones had dropped the ball in the gravel, and so that speech was lost. Before the week was over Dr. Packard had died, and I have been left with the wish that on a great occasion I had done what I wanted to do and could do.

Moral.—It is always better to do a thing than not to do it, if you remember duly the Ten Commandments.

Yes, if there were room to talk of people, there are many, many men who won their laurels in Maine who deserve a place in any Hall of Fame: Champlain, whose monument is his own lake; Baron Castine, whose life is a romance; Knox, who "created all the stores of war" and has left behind him men and women for whom we are all grateful (he went down to Maine and opened up Knox County after his last shotted cannon had been fired at Yorktown); Lincoln, Washington's friend and sometimes his adviser; or, in these later days, Evans, Fessenden, James G. Blaine, and my own chief, the President to-day of the United States Senate. How one would like to show how near these men and other Maine men have been to the centers of our American life! Bowdoin College in her list of alumni counts Hawthorne, Henry Longfellow, Dr. Cleveland, both

Hamlins and Packard and the Chandlers, Carroll Everett, and so many more. Let me for my private pleasure speak of the Greenleafs of Huguenot blood, who came from Newburyport after the war and settled on the upper Penobscot. Of them is Simon Greenleaf, the jurist, and Samuel Greenleaf, who made the map of Maine on the wall yonder. His son was my dear and near friend, my other self, may I say?—Frederic William Greenleaf, who died in 1852. I was thirty, and he a year or two older. He is the Harry Wadsworth of my book "Ten Times One is Ten."

I spoke above of my first visit in Portland. The house on the Main Street is preserved, one is so glad to say in this age of destruction. When I was first there, Judge Longfellow was still alive. He had served the State to great purpose; perhaps he did not know then how his name was going down to the next century. My Samuel Longfellow must have been born in 1819. I saw him first on an August morning in 1835, at about six o'clock in the morning. I had ridden to Cambridge from Boston in what Dr. Holmes would have called a "one-horse chaise," to be examined for admittance at the College. Almost at the moment when we arrived, my brother and I, in front of the University, two more chaises arrived, both of them, as it proved, from the "State of Maine," so simple were the arrangements of those days. In one of them was Francis Brown Hayes, my friend from that hour till he died. In the other was Samuel Longfellow, of whom I may say the same. He was my groomsman when I was married; he wrote the hymn for my ordination. North and south, east and west, we always corresponded with each other. He was one of those, as I have said, who sat where John Harvard now sits counting the shooting stars. And to him you owe some of the best hymns of your happier Sundays. It was he and I who took that voyage of which I have spoken when we counted the islands in Casco Bay. It is queer that I should say this of myself, but it was almost the first time I had ever been in a boat, though I was nineteen years old. From that time till his death he went on, loyal and brave, without spot or blemish or any such thing, loving and loved. He had seen the vision and he walked with God. He came perfectly naturally into our calling of the ministry. Wherever he was he made a circle of youngsters who loved him and perhaps worshiped him, and lifted them into the Higher Life.

When I made that visit, his charming sisters were in the home. One of them, who left us not long ago, married into the Greenleaf family.

I think Henry Longfellow was there at the same time. I have tried to express in public once and again the blessing which he brought to Harvard College. I mark its history with a line for the day when he came there, only twenty-nine years old. Since that day teacher and pupil, professor and undergraduate, have been of one heart and one soul. Up till that time the etiquette required that a professor should not recognize the existence of a pupil in the college yard. Since that time it has been *we* who are going to do this, *we* who have done that, freshman and dean are all one in the "honorable company of letters." For here was this young fellow, Henry Longfellow, who was not only to teach us but to quicken us and inspire us and make us glad that we were admitted into the secrets of learning and literature. He would walk with us when we took our constitutional, he would play a game of whist with us if we met together at Mrs. Eliot's. He changed the routine of his part of the college from the routine of the class-room to the courtesies and cordialities of a parlor.

And it would take a volume to record what Longfellow was in the amenities and charities of home life. Till he died that old Washington house of his was, one might say, the trysting-place of every tramp from France, or Spain, or Bohemia, or Mesopotamia, or the parts of Libya around Cyrene, who could not speak the English language, and who wanted bread for his mouth and clothes for his back. And not one of these beggars was ever turned away. I believe I never knew but one nobleman of sixteen quarterings. After the days when exiles could return home, he died in his castle on the Danube where his grandfather's grandfather had been born. This man was introduced to me by Henry Longfellow, whom he knew because he had gone to him starving and half naked, in need of everything, and with no claim upon Longfellow but that he had suffered with Kossuth in his country's cause.

They tell me that there are more English men and English women who read and know Longfellow's verses than there are who read and know Tennyson's in the same island. I do not know if this is so. But I can see that it might be so. It is a great thing to be the poet of the People. Do you remember how Dr. Holmes reminded us that Isaac Watts is quoted twenty times every day for once when a line of Pope or Dryden is repeated?

But we are to look in at the windows of other places, upon the faces of other people, and for the moment we must bid good-by to the State of Maine.

The University of Chicago

By George Hodges

Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts

THE University of Chicago is thirteen years of age. But it has three hundred professors, forty-five hundred students, and over thirty spacious and noble buildings. Many of these buildings, which are made of a gray-blue stone from Indiana, have a side-wall of brick, indicating incompletion: the structure is to be extended on that side. This brick wall is at present the characteristic mark of the University. The institution is in process of growth. Although over four millions of dollars have already been put into stone, the talk is still of more millions to come. Indeed, the location of unbuilt halls is already determined, and the plans have been drawn. If the future fulfills the prophecy of the past, another generation will see the University of Chicago the best housed and best equipped institution of learning in this country.

By that time the difference between the University of Chicago and the University of Oxford will be like the cities from which they take their names. Chicago will be bigger, but newer. It will look very much like Oxford, for its buildings are in the same style of architecture. Some of them are frank copies: Magdalen Tower is on the corner of Lexington Avenue and Fifty-seventh Street, and the great hall of Christ Church is under its shadow. But it will differ from the older University as a new house differs from a colonial mansion. The colonial mansion has the inimitable grace of association. It has been in the family for two centuries. It is the residence of tradition. It has had its part in the making of history and literature. Its walls are hung with ancestral portraits. The new house has nothing of this, except, perhaps, the portraits; if the family is as new as the house, it has not even them. Nevertheless, the new house may be more comfortable, more spacious, and more beautiful than the old. It may be heated by steam and lighted by electricity, and have a telephone and three bath-rooms on each floor. And in due course of time it will grow old. The most stately cloister in Oxford is that of New College. It was once as fresh from the hands of the stone-cutters as the University of Chicago.

Some day the quadrangles will all be completed. The stately buildings will extend for more than half a mile on each side of the Midway Plaisance. There will be a stadium in the athletic field, and the chapel in the center of the campus will be, as Dr. Harper says, "the most beautiful ecclesiastical edifice in the Mississippi Valley." Ivy will grow upon the walls, and trees like those in English college gardens will shade the buildings. This alone will take a good while, for the earth in which the trees will grow must all be brought in by rail from the country, and every tree in the yard costs a hundred and twenty dollars. By that time, for the students who sit under the sheltering branches, the names of Rockefeller and Harper will be confused in the dim perspective of the past with the names of Crœsus and Plato, and the University will have a precious store of memories.

The original University of Chicago was a small Baptist college, built in 1855 on ten acres of land given by Stephen A. Douglas. It was an unhandsome building, whose tower was an affront even to the Chicago of that day. It was put to death in 1886 by a life insurance company to which it was indebted. No great grief at its fate appears in the printed records of the Baptist Educational Society. On the contrary, a tone of relief is discernible in the obituary resolution which was offered by Dr. Henson, now of Tremont Temple, Boston. He voiced the general sentiment when he moved to begin over again in a new place.

They have a song among the University students the first lines of which are as follows:

> "There is a 'Varsity out in the West,
> Founded by capital, backed by the best;
> Headed by wisdom that knows no bounds,
> She's making a wonderful show
> And others are longing to share the lot
> Of Chicago.
>
> *Chorus.* John D. Rockefeller, wonderful man is he,
> Gives all his spare change to the U. of C.
> He keeps the ball a-rolling in our great 'Varsity;
> He pays Dr. Harper to help us grow sharper,
> To the glory of U. of C."

These two eminent persons, the man of capital and the man of wisdom, became acquainted when Dr. Harper was the young and enterprising Professor of Hebrew at Morgan Park Seminary. Morgan Park is a suburb of Chicago. The Seminary there was a Baptist institution. Young Mr. Harper gave it an international reputation by the enthusiastic manner in which he taught the Hebrew language. He invented a new way of learning Hebrew; he established a correspondence school; he edited a Hebrew magazine; he introduced Hebrew into Sunday-schools and women's clubs; he made Hebrew popular. This was a feat which had not been accomplished since the fall of Jerusalem. Incidentally, the Semitic department and the Seminary in general needed money. Mr. Harper used to go into Chicago to get it. This was a task which he hated, and for which even now, with all his marvelous success, he has no liking. Upon the occasion of these financial forays he was in the habit of shutting himself up in a room for a silent hour of wrestling with his spirit. After that experience he went out invincible. This business of raising money brought him into relation with Mr. Rockefeller. Mr. Harper showed him that there is no better use for a rich man's money than to put it into a theological school—an admirable and true statement. Thus Mr. Rockefeller became interested in education in Chicago.

Then came the Baptist Educational Society, with their scheme for a new college, and they brought the matter to the attention of the man of wisdom and of the man of capital. In 1888 Mr. Rockefeller wrote to Mr. Harper: "I am ready to put several hundred thousand dollars into an institution in Chicago." In 1889 this promise was made definite by an offer of $600,000, on condition that $400,000 should be added to it. This condition was immediately met, and Mr. Rockefeller gave a million dollars more, outright. That was in 1890. In 1892 he gave another million, "as a special thank-offering to Almighty God for returning health." In the same year, Mr. Marshall Field, who had already given land for a site, promised a hundred thousand dollars, provided that other donors would increase it to a million in ninety days. It was done, and twelve thousand dollars over, without calling on a waiting list of Chicago gentlemen who had agreed, if necessary, to make up the final hundred thousand. In December, 1892, Mr. Rockefeller gave a third million. In 1895 he gave another million, and said that he would add two more if the friends of the college would contribute a like amount. By April, 1900, this great sum had been secured. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts have now exceeded fourteen millions of dollars.

Almost all of this money has been expended for instruction and apparatus and land, very little for buildings. When the founder gave a million dollars on condition that the Morgan Park Theological Seminary should become a part of the University, he built dormitories for the transferred students. He also built the power plant which supplies steam heat and electric light to all the buildings, and he has assisted in crises of construction; but no building bears his name. The trustees would have entitled the whole institution in his honor, but he would not permit it. What they finally did was to enact that on all official documents, beneath the name "University of Chicago," should appear the words, "Founded by John D. Rockefeller." Not only has the founder kept his name from the lintels of the buildings, but he has also totally abstained from any sort of direction of the University's affairs. He agreed to certain general principles on which it was established; he wished Dr. Harper to be its President; and twice—on its fifth and tenth birthdays—he went to see it. If he has made other visits, they have been as rare and unperceived as the advents of angels. That is the whole of his connection with the academic management.

It is not easy to give great sums of money continuously and anonymously. It is specially difficult at the University of Chicago, which has conscientiously taken the public into its confidence from the beginning, so that Mr. Rockefeller has not succeeded in keeping his right hand from the suspicion of his left in these transactions. But the benefactor has sought no reputation or other advantage from his gifts. He has left the institution absolutely free. The Chicago papers are fond of referring to the professor who instructed his class that John D. Rockefeller is a greater man than William Shakespeare. The statement is entirely within the boundaries of proof—after certain preliminary definitions. The professor who made this statement was beheaded. But this was not because of fear lest he should have annoyed Mr. Rockefeller, but because of a suspicion, which the remark seemed to confirm, that the professor had an indiscriminating mind. Professor Laughlin, who was lecturing on "Great Fortunes" during my visit to the University, was not restrained from expressing his conviction that the power of wealth is a menace to society by the reflection that his lectureship was "founded by John D. Rockefeller."

One of the fundamental principles of which the founder approved was that the institution should be under the control of the Baptists. It was settled that the President and two-thirds of the trustees shall always be of that denomination. This arrangement takes for granted a perpetuity of the Baptist form of religion which, I hope, is a mistaken reading of the future. The University buildings ought to outlast all our foolish divisions. But for the moment it works well. The Board, according to one of its non-Baptist members, consists at present of fourteen Baptists, one Jew, and six Christians. The Theological School, which was brought over from Morgan Park, is a Baptist institution. Here, however, the restriction ends. The faculty, the board of University preachers, and the students represent as many varieties of our disordered Christendom as are to be found at Yale or Harvard. There are a good many Jews in the University, excellent students and much respected by their neighbors. Mandel Hall, which corresponds to Sanders Theater at Harvard, was built by a Jewish merchant. It serves at present as the chapel for the Sunday services. On each of the three Sundays of my visit the organist dismissed the congregation with the "March of the Israelites;" though I could not see that the selection was specially appropriate!

Another initial principle committed the institution to co-education. The State universities throughout the West had already established this arrangement as the conventional academic order. It was accepted for the University of Chicago with this modification: the younger students, member of the Junior Colleges—as we would say, freshmen and sophomores—are kept under an oversight which is intended to continue the restraints and protection of home. The boys recite by themselves, and the girls by themselves. In the Senior Colleges the upper classes contain both men and women, and so, of course, in the graduate schools. The plan works well. About half of the students are women.

Meanwhile, Dr. Harper, who had gone

to teach Hebrew at Yale, accepted the presidency. He brought to the position a store of courage, energy, foresight, and executive ability which matched the Rockefeller millions. He was a million-dollar President. He had plans for the University of which nobody had then ventured even to dream. Mr. Marshall Field had already given land for the school bordering on the Midway, a long park which the World's Fair had made famous, not to say notorious. It is a mile long, between the two great south-side pleasure-grounds, Washington and Jackson Parks. Four city blocks formed the original campus. This plot Dr. Harper divided into quadrangles, this building to go here, that to go there. He employed an architect, Mr. Henry Ives Cobb, to make designs for these structures, and a landscape architect, Mr. Frederick Law Olmsted, to lay out the grounds. The place was a sandy plain, with here and there a marshy place or pool inhabited by frogs. At the same time Dr. Harper drew up a complete and detailed scheme of a university, with all its departments, schools, offices, degrees, and its arrangements for the intellectual and social and moral life of its students. There it was on paper, buildings and curriculum, before a single frog had been dispossessed from its residence in the Midway marsh. This scheme was sent for suggestion and criticism to fifty college presidents and professors.

In October, 1892, the fabric was sufficiently advanced to receive students, though carpenters and plumbers were still busy in the buildings. There were three dormitories for men and a hall for lecture-rooms, the four united in a noble group. Other buildings were erected as new friends were found. One day, at a public meeting, Dr. Harper announced that the University needed a million dollars for instruction and research in biology. Within a week Miss Helen Culver came forward with the million dollars. Thus the Hull Laboratories were erected for anatomy, botany, physiology, and zoölogy. Mr. Hull, whose name was set upon them, was Miss Culver's uncle. Hull House, which Miss Culver gave to Miss Addams, was his old mansion. Mr. Marshall Field, who has the most satisfactory "general store" in the world, gave in part an athletic ground, which was happily named Marshall Field. Mr. Yerkes gave an observatory on condition that the telescope should be the biggest ever made. Mrs. Haskell gave an Oriental museum, and established in connection with it a course of lectures on the Christian religion, to be given in the chief cities of India. The president of the trustees gave a physical laboratory. An address of Dr. Harper to a Chicago women's club brought three beautiful dormitories for women.

The gifts to the University now exceed twenty millions of dollars, of which six millions have been given by three thousand persons, most of them citizens of Chicago. Only ten per cent. of this amount has been solicited. With all this money the University is poor, like all good schools, and has an annual deficit of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which is met, for the most part, by Mr. Rockefeller.

There is no chapel. The Sunday services are held in Mandel Hall, the weekly services in lecture-rooms. On Monday the prayers are attended by the Junior Colleges and on Tuesday by the Senior Colleges—attendance being of obligation. On Wednesday the divinity students come to the service; on Thursday the graduate students, if they please. The library, which is in a confused condition, is in a temporary building. There is a lack of dormitories. Only twenty per cent. of the students live at the University; forty per cent. have lodgings in the neighborhood, forty per cent. live in the city.

It is proposed to erect new dormitories in two great quadrangles—one for men, the other for women—for the Junior Colleges. Each of these quadrangles is to have its own common room, general library, gymnasium, and dining-rooms. The house idea is already emphasized in the University. For example, Hitchcock Hall has a great, hospitable common room, with a library and a good floor for dancing. The women's halls are ordered like comfortable and stately homes. The Reynolds Club is somewhat like the Harvard Union. The Quadrangle Club, whose membership is made up almost entirely of professors, resembles the Colonial Club in Cambridge.

Passing now from the buildings of the University to the life which is lived in them, one comes into a region which the passing visitor can but guess at. Moreover, in addition to the natural difficulties which beset this kind of observation, my two weeks covered a time when the whole University was absorbed in the critical condition of its President. Every social function was suspended; only the necessary routine was continued. Certain differences, however, between the life of the University of Chicago and that of our Eastern colleges are plain enough.

In President Harper's book, "The Trend in Higher Education"—one of three or four to which he added last touches in proof while he was awaiting his operation—he finds the most important progress to be toward democratization. This is perhaps the most evident and characteristic quality of the University of Chicago. Many of the students are the sons and daughters of workingmen. The bill of fare at the commons is adapted to the slenderest purse; ice-cream, for instance, costs five cents a plate. University Extension is a department of the University instruction, and in the furtherance of it men go out with courses of lectures and examination papers into a hundred surrounding towns and villages. A system of instruction by correspondence is attached to many academic subjects, and reaches students for whom the life of a college is impossible, but who can do some studying at night after the day's work. The School of Education brings within the influence of the University hundreds of children from four years old and upwards, in kindergarten, primary, and secondary grades and a high school, taught by persons who are learning the art of instruction. University College, in the city, is a school for teachers and other interested students, many of whom are employed during the day. The division of the year into quarters makes it possible for teachers to come into residence during the summer, and for those who cannot afford to take a continuous course to take an intermittent one, staying out a quarter now and then to earn money to go on. A great number of affiliated and co-operating schools and colleges enable the University to aid and develop the intellectual life of other institutions. The University Press publishes official documents, books of professors, and a long list of serious periodicals—"The Biblical World," the "School Review," the "Elementary School Teacher," the "Botanical Gazette," the "American Journal of Sociology," the "Astrophysical Journal," the "Journal of Geology," the "Journal of Political Economy," "Modern Philology," the "American Journal of Theology," the "American Journal of Semitic Languages and Literatures." In these many ways the University endeavors to enter the whole field of academic life, and to make itself useful to the entire community. It stands for the democratization of learning.

Of the ten experiments in education which are being tried at Chicago, perhaps the most interesting and important is the plan of the four quarters. The unit of this system is a term of six weeks; two such terms make a quarter. A study which requires an hour a day for one term is called a minor; if it extends over two terms, it is called a major. The norm is three majors, or their equivalent, a quarter. The purpose is to concentrate the work, taking fewer subjects at a time than are generally taken in the colleges and giving a larger number of hours. At the end of each quarter there is an examination and a conferring of degrees, called a Convocation. Students are therefore graduated whenever they are ready. At the end of the sophomore year, having completed the work of the Junior Colleges, they receive the title of Associate. Another unusual degree is that Juris Doctor, given in place of the usual LL.B. to graduates of the Law School. A corresponding doctorate is proposed for the theological school.

Under this system of quarters the University is open all the year round except the month of September. Each professor is expected to teach thirty-six weeks in a year. He may take his three months' vacation in whichever quarter he elects, subject to the general good. Or he may take six weeks off at one time and another six weeks at another time. Or he may teach a whole year of four quarters and have four months' vacation out of the year following. Or, if he teaches summer and winter for three years, he may have a full year off on full pay. The quarterly plan also makes it possible for the University to procure instructors for three or six months from other institutions.

A splendid pictured window in the gymnasium represents the lists at Ashby de la Zouche, where Rowena is crowning the victorious Ivanhoe. The battered and maimed condition of the hero suggests that athletic contests, even in the Middle Ages, were stern and strenuous exercises. But the scene is a symbol, not only of the activities of the gymnasium, but of the life of the whole University. To a simple-minded stranger from the East the academic day at Chicago is crowded and confused and dusty as a charge at a tournament. The multifarious character of the daily occupation, the air as of a vast business, the Annual Register, big as a volume of an encyclopædia, the President's decennial report, still bigger, the hurrying fingers of the twenty-eight stenographers, the unending output of the University printing-house, the affiliated institutions, the amazing past and the amazing future, and the common habit of speaking lightly of a million dollars—all this makes an impression like that of the First National Bank of Chicago, a huge building like a mountain, filled with clerks who are putting ink on paper at a rate of speed which makes the ignorant onlooker feel dizzy.

This impression, however, is superficial and unjust. There are wheels and wheels, and the dust of the academic machinery mingles with the smoke of the soft-coal fires of Chicago, and one is tempted to find here the "atmosphere" of the place. But the sun shines in the face of Rowena, and the pictured window is a true parable of the purpose of the University. Ivanhoe emerges from the clatter and contention of the tournament, and bows his head to receive Rowena's chaplet. That reward interprets and redeems the situation. The lists were drawn, not for any material prize, but for that gentle benediction. At the heart of all this complicated academic machinery there are fine and high and beautiful ideals. The true life of the scholar is being lived at the University of Chicago. The President—may his life be spared—planned the institution and is directing it for the glory of God and for the use of men.

In a series of ingenious cartoons, made by Mr. McCutcheon on the occasion of the visit of Prince Henry, and afterward published by the Chicago "Record-Herald" under the title "The Cartoons which Made Prince Henry Famous," that eminent visitor is represented as entering Chicago and standing in much perplexity between two representative citizens, each of whom is inviting his attention. One is Mr. Armour, who is asking him to visit his interesting slaughter-houses; the other is Dr. Harper, who is asking him to visit the University. The Prince cannot make up his mind. The foreign guest of the next generation will find no difficulty in that dilemma.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

After the Divorce. By Grazia Deledda. Translated from the Italian by Maria H. Lansdale. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 341 pages. $1.50.

A translation from the Italian, which gives a quite vivid picture of peasant life in Sardinia, while unfolding its rather sordid romance.

Alaska and the Klondike. By John Scudder McLain. Illustrated. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 330 pages. $2, net.

When the special sub-committee of the Senate Committee on Territories visited Alaska in the summer of 1903, Mr. John S. McLain, of the Minneapolis "Journal," obtained permission to accompany the party. His observations were made the subject-matter of a series of articles for his newspaper, and these, as revised and presented in book form, constitute not only an entertaining record of travel, but a compact statement of the conditions, resources, and needs of the Territory. Unquestionably the ground is not fully covered, but the amount of information derivable from the work is such that for all general purposes the treatment is adequate. The party also visited the Klondike region, and this, too, is ably described. Here conditions were found which, Mr. McLain regretfully notes, were absent from Alaska; notably, good roads and good mining laws. The lack of transportation facilities is, as he makes apparent, the great factor that retards the development of Alaska, which is here presented as a country rich in materials, timber, agricultural possibilities, and fisheries, but one holding no prospects to men of small means. The usefulness of the book is appreciably increased by an instructive series of illustrations from photographs.

Back to Bethlehem. By John H. Wiley, Ph.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 4¾×7½ in. 286 pages. $1, net.

The chapters of this volume may have served as sermons. They do not carry the flag of a text, but may be regarded as sermons of a noble type, in the late Dr. Shedd's phrase, "sacred orations." They take up the problems of the modern world, and solve them by the teachings of Jesus. They are aware of the battles of the critics, and confident that, whatever their issue, nothing vital depends on it. With large respect for material things, their measure of values is moral and spiritual. The reefs of theological controversy are submerged in the high tide of the spirit, though glimpses of their location appear. In substance and in literary style this is a strong and well-finished book.

Crimson Blind (The). By Fred M. White. Illustrated. R. F. Fenno & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 378 pages.

Casual Essays of The Sun: Editorial Articles on Many Subjects, Clothed with the Philosophy of the Bright Side of Things. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. 5×8 in. 422 pages. $1.50.

Naturally, the collator of these extracts from the editorial pages of the New York "Sun" has passed by those articles which relate to controversial, political, and ephemeral matters. Naturally, too, he has chosen, for the most part, those which have the element of amusement. The "Sun" has long had the reputation of possessing a peculiar humorous twist of its own—a mingling of whimsical exaggeration with apt scholarly and literary allusion. There is much excellent fooling here; and we are particularly glad to have for permanent preservation the "Sun's" reminiscential remarks about the old-time negro minstrel, the deplorable but fascinating novels of Mr. Beadle, the praise of pie, and the various tributes to the fame of the sacred codfish and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company.

College Text-Book of Botany (A). By George Francis Atkinson, Ph.B. Illustrated. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 737 pages. $2, net.

Dramatic First Reader (The). By Ellen M. Cyr. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 104 pages. 30c. (Postage, 5c.)

Economic Principles: An Introductory Study. By A. W. Flux, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 324 pages. $2, net.

Although only now imported into the United States, this cannot be called a new text-book in point of date of issue, since it was originally published in England more than a year ago. But, if belated in arrival, its reception should be none the less cordial, for it is in some important respects one of the most satisfactory systematic treatises on economics to appear within recent years. Abreast of, though not entirely at one with, present-day thought, and appreciating the necessity of reorganizing economic doctrine to meet modern economic facts, Professor Flux has sought to effect the reorganization through a synthesis of the classical and the historical methods. A close and careful reasoner, he resultantly makes a presentation in which breadth of view and conservatism are admirably conjoined to afford a corrective to the tendencies to extremism not infrequently manifest of late. Unquestionably, the classical school has exercised the stronger influence on his thought, and at times to a really detrimental extent; but at no time do we find him slavishly adopting the views of those whose writings he has so well digested. His independence, indeed, leads him so deeply into analysis as largely to exclude his work from the "introductory" category in which he himself would place it. This especially applies to the earlier chapters, wherein the more abstract fundamentals are discussed. Later, and particularly in the exposition of monetary problems, the requirements of an elementary text-book are excellently met. A striking feature, and one to which exception may fairly be taken despite Professor Flux's explanation, is the almost total absence of references to other writers. Another feature, but in no wise open to criticism, is the relegation of all mathematical demonstrations to an appendix, where they are safely out of the way of students unaccustomed to the application of mathematical methods to economic problems.

Elementary English Composition for High Schools and Academies. By Frederick Henry Sykes, A.M., Ph.D. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 328 pages.

Estimates of Moral Values Expressed in Cicero's Letters. By Warren Stone Gordis. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 6¼×9½ in. 102 pages.

Fisher of Men (A): Churchill Satterlee—An Interpretation of his Life and Labors. By Hamilton Schuyler. Edwin S. Gorham, New York. 5×8 in. 203 pages.

Foreign Missions. By G. Currie Martin, M.A., B.D. National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, London, England. 4¼×7 in. 164 pages.

Great Revivals and the Great Republic. By Warren A. Candler, D.D., LL.D. Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South, Nashville, Tenn. 5×7½ in. 344 pages. $1.25.

Haunted Temple and Other Poems (The). By Edward Doyle. The Knickerbocker Press, New York. 5×7½ in. 92 pages.

Heavenly Voice (The). By Margaretta Ayres Karr. A Life of Christ in Blank Verse; His Work and Word in Sonnets. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5½×8¼ in. 275 pages. $1, net.

The piety of the author is unmistakable, her purpose laudable, and her verse such as to pass muster with many plain people as poetry. Its origin and prompting in visions as from the Lord is of decidedly antique character.

History of the United States (A). By Edward Channing. Vol. I. The Planting of a Nation in the New World, 1000–1660. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¾×9 in. 550 pages. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

History of the Reformation of Religion in Scotland (The). By John Knox. A Twentieth Century Edition, Revised and Edited by Cuthbert Lennox. Andrew Melrose, London, England. 6×8½ in. 432 pages.

This is a true classic, the story of the work that largely made Scotland what it is, the story as told by the chief worker himself. "This we write," says he, "that posterity to come may understand how potently God wrought in preserving and delivering those that had but a small knowledge of His truth, and for the love of the same hazarded it all." The present edition aims to make Knox's record "utterly readable." For this purpose various documents, sermons, treaties, etc., incorporated in the complete record are omitted here, while the "Confession" and "Discipline" have been transferred to the appendix. Till 1688 Knox's Confession was, as Dr. Schaff says, "the only legally recognized doctrinal standard both of the Presbyterian and the Episcopal Churches of Scotland."

Immortality: The Principal Philosophic Arguments for and Against It. By William Colby Cooper, M.D. Published by the Author, Cleves, Ohio. 5×7½ in. 172 pages.

The author, a physician, at the request of an agnostic friend here discusses the problem of immortality by stating and answering the objections of materialists. These are very acutely refuted, so subtly at times that the materialist may not realize his decapitation. The argument seems conclusive for the survival of life and consciousness, but less conclusive for the survival of the individuality. What *is* individuality seems to require more clearing up than it receives. Similarly, what *is* matter is left obscure. The author says, "We do not know," and yet affirms that non-materiality is nonentity.

Inter-Communion with God. By the Rev. Marshall P. Talling, B.A., Ph.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 206 pages. $1, net.

The above title of a treatise on prayer is chosen because prayer is so misunderstood, and so meagerly defined as mere petitioning. In the view here taken it is not an utterance so much as an attitude of the spirit, an *inter*-communing in manifold modes with God, because our aspirations proceed from his inspirations: "A human personality is the meeting-point of universal forces." Prayer, as a spiritual force, is to be regarded as a form of co-operation with God, as really as any kind of productive activity. Its effectiveness can be realized only in degree as it becomes habitual. Of "saying" prayers there is too much; real praying, as Coleridge said, is a very different thing, of which there is too little. Dr. Talling's presentation of the subject is both profound and quickening.

John Knox: A Biography. By D. Macmillan, M.A. With an Appreciation of the Reformer by the Very Rev. Principal Story, D.D., LL.D. Andrew Melrose, London, England. 5×8 in. 318 pages.

The approach of the quadricentennial anniversary of Knox's birth, which occurs this year, has given occasion for this fresh delineation of the man whom Carlyle calls "the most Scottish of Scots"—a reformer, indeed, whose very words, like Luther's, were battles, but also a statesmanlike reformer, some of whose thwarted purposes moderns are still striving to realize. The present biography fills a gap between the larger and the smaller ones already in hand. No monument stands at Knox's grave, and none is needed, for Scotland itself is his monument.

Lhasa and Its Mysteries: With a Record of the Expedition of 1903–1904. By L. Augustine Waddell, LL.D., C.B., C.I.E., F.L.S., F.A.I. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5¾×9½ in. 530 pages. $6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Man's Responsibility. By Thomas G. Carson. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 524 pages. $1, net.

The perennial problem, Whence is evil? is here tackled from the phrenological point of view. The responsibility for the existence of evil is placed, as sound thinking must place it, with the Author of the world-order, but his justification is here grounded on the proposition that evil necessarily results from the working out of the principle of self-preservation implanted in man. Without commenting on this novel theodicy, it is enough to say that the author's psychology will not stand scrutiny; *e. g.*, "Everything that is constructed upon earth is formed of materials, and the materials of which the human mind is formed are principles." These are named as listed in the phrenological chart, combativeness, alimentiveness, philoprogenitiveness, and others. This conception of mind as a congeries of principles or faculties is no longer admissible.

Me and Lawson. By Richard Webb. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 79 pages. 50c.

Cheap comicalities.

Mediæval and Modern History. By Philip Van Ness Myers. Illustrated. (Revised Edition.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 751 pages. $1.50. (Postage, 15c.)

Merchant of Venice (The). Edited by R. McWilliam, B.A. Illustrated. (Temple School Shakespeare.) Henry Holt & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 35c.

My Own Book of Three Flowers which Blossom in May. Prepared by Anna Botsford Comstock, B.S. Illustrated. The American Book Co., New York. 8½×6 in. 60 pages.

Nut-Brown Joan. By Marion Ames Taggart. Henry Holt & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 314 pages. $1.50.

A wholesome and pretty story of a family of young people, not the least attractive of whom is their ugly duckling, Nut-Brown Joan. Her pleasant fellowship with a boy nicknamed Darby is one of the nice things in this little homely history.

Open-Air Treatment of Pulmonary Tuberculosis (The). By F. W. Burton-Fanning, M.D. W. T. Keener & Co., Chicago. 4½×7½ in. 176 pages. $1.50, net.

Progress and Poverty: The Remedy. By Henry George. (Twenty-fifth Anniversary Edition.) Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 563 pages. $1.

An acceptable library edition of a book which for now twenty-five years has done a great work by making men think. A man need not be a "single-taxer" to find in "Progress and Poverty" a tremendous social stimulus. In an Introduction to this memorial edition Mr. Henry George, Jr., tells us that more than two million copies of "Progress and Poverty" have been printed.

Psyche. By Walter S. Cramp. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 323 pages. $1.50.

A historical novel of the time of Tiberius, written with conscientious care, but rarely touched by the charm of imagination. Psyche, a beautiful Greek dancer, is caught in the toils of intrigue, and with her family and lover suffers torture and imprisonment. The downfall of Sejanus, conspirator against Tiberius, cuts the knot of disaster, and to a small circle, at least, happiness is restored.

Postal Dictionary (A). Compiled from Official Sources by Edward St. John. (Ninth Edition, Revised to Date of Issue.) The Grafton Press, New York. 3½×5½ in. 112 pages. 25c., net.

Short Stories from American History. By Albert F. Blaisdell and Francis K. Ball. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5¼×7½ in. 146 pages. 40c. (Postage, 5 cents extra.)

Shrine of Faith (The): Our Lord's Human Experience. By Rev. T. H. Wright. Andrew Melrose, London, England. 5×7¾ in. 292 pages.

The author of this sympathetic study of the recorded experience of Jesus holds the well-grounded conviction that the satisfactory solution of the perplexity engendered by critical studies will come through appreciation of the life that Jesus actually lived, and especially in view of its moral phenomena. Emphasis is here laid throughout on these, but in view of these the author rises from the evidence of an actual moral union with God to the inference of a metaphysical union existing before the world was. Discarding the ancient conception of the "two natures," and holding to the essential kinship of God and man, he regards the ideal manhood of Jesus as eternal, and as very Godhood under voluntary self-limitations, or *kenosis*. To the proposition that such a *kenosis* is "intelligible" perhaps few can agree. But the volume is fragrant with the moral beauty of the life it studies. If it fails at any point, it is in not perceiving that a oneness that is perfectly ethical cannot be less than metaphysical; the metaphysical is given in it, not inferred from it.

Story of Columbus and Magellan (The). By Thomas Bonaventure Lawler, A.M. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 151 pages. 40c. (Postage, 5 cents.)

Suffrage Franchise in the Thirteen English Colonies in America. No. 2. By Albert Edward McKinley. (Series in History. Publications of the University of Pennsylvania.) Ginn & Co., Boston. 6½×10 in. 518 pages.

Superintendent's Book of Prayer (The). By Edward Leigh Pell. The Robert Harding Co., Richmond, Va. 4×6½ in. 64 pages.

Wayside Altar (A). A Collection of Poems. By James Buckham. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5½×7¼ in. 124 pages.

Woodmyth and Fable. Text and Drawings by Ernest Thompson Seton. The Century Co., New York. 5×8¼ in. 181 pages. $1.25, net. (Postage, 10c.)

Mrs. Seton is to be credited with the "book-making," and she has certainly designed a quaint and charming dress for Mr. Seton's sketches, poems, fables, and bits of talk. Not all of them are about animals, and when the animals talk they have a wise eye on human problems.

Worsted Man (The): A Musical Play for Amateurs. By John Kendrick Bangs. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 3½×5¼ in. 86 pages. 50c.